HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XL.—No. 2073.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896.

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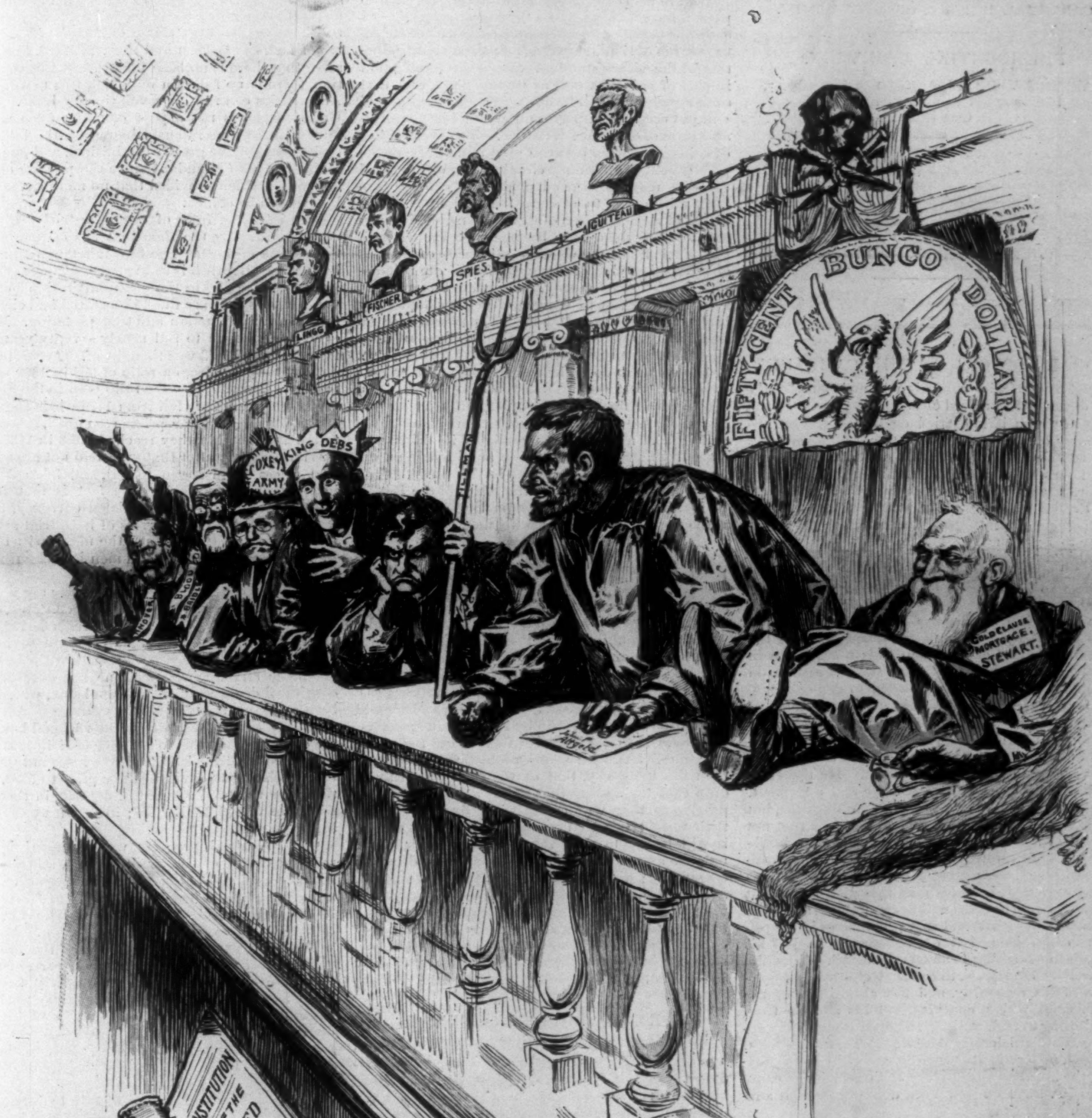
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ON A POPULISTIC BASIS.

A FORECAST OF THE CONSEQUENCE OF A POPOCRATIC VICTORY TO THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

*Subscriptions may begin with any Number.*

**The Nation's Honor must be Preserved.**

For President,
WILLIAM McKINLEY, OF OHIO.

For Vice-President,
GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY.

## PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, August 1 to November 7, Inclusive, will be mailed on receipt of One Dollar.

"HARPER'S WEEKLY, *as you are doubtless aware, is a strong advocate of sound money. Not only are its reading columns filled with clear and convincing statements as to the exact meaning of the 16-to-1 craze, but its illustrations are strong arguments in favor of the present money standard.... To me it appears to be the journal most likely to influence the public, .... in this crisis, toward voting a sound-money ticket.*"—W. C. EDGAR, Manager, *The Northwestern Miller.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

## MORAL ASPECTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE Presidential campaign is now sufficiently developed to afford clear impressions as to the tone in which it is carried on by the BRYAN Democracy on the one side and the Republicans and the sound-money Democrats on the other. The key-note struck by Mr. BRYAN himself in his speech before the Chicago convention, which made him its Presidential candidate, was that of a reckless demagogue appealing with a sort of brutal frankness to ignorance, prejudice, greed, and passion. Mr. BRYAN had so long preached the confused gospel of Populism, and he had by frequent repetition become so accustomed to the phraseology of his creed, that he had probably lost a clear consciousness of the full meaning of his words. No doubt he was told by his campaign-managers that the presentation and acceptance of his nomination in New York would be a great state occasion, on which he was naturally expected to demonstrate, not how clever a stump-speaker, but how much of a statesman he was, and that he possessed mental resources and knowledge of affairs enough to qualify him for a respectable place in the historic line of Presidents of the United States. He therefore attempted to support his cause by real argument. What he said was decent enough in language, but so dreary in composition and in delivery that not only his immediate audience, but the general public, who had expected something of flashing oratorical brilliancy, were greatly disappointed. This is to be regretted, inasmuch as this disappointment served somewhat to withdraw public attention from what he really did say. The press in opposition to him deemed it unnecessary to subject his speech to searching criticism in detail. Thus the incredible ignorance, the almost childish shallowness of his reasoning, and the clumsiness of the sophistries which characterized his address from beginning to end, wellnigh escaped the popular appreciation which they deserved. There has been, indeed, no public utterance more conclusively proving the hopeless absurdity of the free-coinage cause than Mr. BRYAN'S New York deliverance well analyzed.

After this failure in statesmanship, which Mr. BRYAN himself must have been conscious of, he has dropped back into his old ways of incendiary appeal, doing his best to excite the poor against the rich and the West against the East, on the assumption that the rich are leagued together in a mysterious "money power," which by means of the gold standard seeks to plunder and oppress the poor, and that the East is the country of the rich. But his speeches now lack that oratorical gloss which formerly distinguished his studied public utterances, and have sunk to the level of ordinary demagogic harangues, with a very strong flavor of downright vulgarity. Even if his cause were better, it must give every patriotic citizen a pang to think that a man capable of speaking thus to the people should have a chance to become President of the United States. And so far no speaker on his side has risen higher than he.

Worse, however, than the effort to excite the poor against the rich, or rather against everybody who has been successful enough to rise above the condition of those who live from hand to mouth, is the promise held out to debtors that free coinage will enable them to get rid of their debts by paying them in debased currency—that is, by paying about half the amount. This is a direct appeal to the rascally impulses of human nature. It is an insidious attempt to demoralize the conscience of the American people—an attempt which, if successful, would result in general corruption and disgrace. And it is gratifying to observe that this feature of the controversy is gradually assuming that prominence in public discussion to which it is entitled.

We are also convinced that nothing will have so potent an effect in this campaign as arguments showing that free coinage means the inevitable introduction of the silver standard; that the introduction of the silver standard means the repudiation in part of public as well as private debts, and that such repudiation will be downright dishonesty, and will put upon the American name an inextinguishable stain of dishonor. The discussion of the subject of coinage, of ratio between gold and silver, of the possible effects of money circulation on prices, and the like, may be so conducted as to confuse people's minds and to obscure the real issue. The heads of a good many otherwise sensible farmers and working-men have become so crammed with statistical figures and with all sorts of notions about the function of "money of ultimate redemption," and "basic money," and who knows what not, that they are in danger of getting hopelessly lost in the muddle. But their consciences are no doubt active enough to make them understand that an honest man will pay his debts if he can; that if, being able to do so, he refuses to do so, he ceases to be an honest man, and deserves to be rated as a cheat and a rascal; that repudiation by law is morally no better than fraud between man and man; and that a nation that repudiates its debts will cease to be a respectable nation and become an object of distrust and contempt in the world. And this would so inevitably be the result of the BRYAN policy that the dullest understanding can easily be made to see it. Those whose memory goes back to the struggle against the proposition to pay the national bonds with depreciated greenbacks, and to the subsequent fight against paper inflation, will remember that the moral element was then the strongest, and probably the absolutely decisive one—as it always will be with a self-respecting people.

On the Republican side the tone struck with regard to the money question has been generally correct and wholesome. What Mr. McKINLEY said on this subject in his letter of acceptance fully satisfied the requirements of the hour, and should be vigorously followed up by Republican speakers. Of course it would have been expecting too much of Republicans, with whom protection has so long been the battle-cry, that at the start they should drop that topic altogether. But as the campaign progresses they will undoubtedly find that while their tariff talk may here and there attract a vote, it will be apt to chill the zeal of a much larger number among those whose aid is required in this emergency; and that the arguments and appeals addressed to the moral sense and the self-respect of the people, in which sound-money Democrats and sound-money Republicans can join in harmonious chorus, will be far more effective than the discussion of any other subject. And the sooner they learn this the better.

## THE SLANDERED COUNTRY.

THERE have been social and economic revolts in the world's history before this, and when men having a genuine grievance against those who had robbed them and who had kept them foodless and homeless have risen against their oppressors, they have had the sympathy of the humane. But while there is nothing in human experience that appeals more strongly to generous impulses than the righteous cause of poverty, there is nothing so contemptible as the demagogue, especially when he tries to stir up the unthrifty and unsuccessful to war on thrift and prosperity, for such an attempt is that of a man who seeks to overthrow existing institutions not because they are bad or because he has an intelligent remedy for them, but solely because he has neither the ability nor the patience to rise to the top in an ordered society, and must stay at the bottom unless he can organize and conduct a sordid revolution in his own behalf.

Mr. BRYAN speaks constantly of his own active campaign for the Presidency as a revolution. In the sense that no such man as he was ever thought of before by any considerable number of people as worthy to be a candidate for President, he is right; but if he means to say that this country is in a condition that demands an industrial and economic revolution, he is wrong. And we say this fully realizing all the evils that are to be found in our statute-books, and all the grievances which American citizens anywhere may justly charge to our laws and their administration. Even if there were need of a revolution, Mr. BRYAN'S revolution is not one in which intelligent men and good citizens can enlist, for his remedies, as we have already shown, are such as would leave us in a worse state than that in which, for the purposes of his campaign, Mr. BRYAN asserts that we are found to-day.

There is no excuse for Mr. BRYAN'S candidacy unless the grinding poverty of the country is intolerable. And there is no basis for his proposed silver remedy, according to his own arguments, unless this grinding poverty can be traced directly to what is called the "crime of 1873." As a matter of fact, the Census and the Statistical Abstract show that there is no basis for Mr. BRYAN'S contention, there is no fulcrum on which this new-found Archimedes can rest his revolutionary lever. The United States is not a poor country; even more, its wealth has enormously increased, the burdens on its people have greatly diminished, and its prosperity has been abundant since the passage of the act of 1873 which provided that no more silver dollars should be coined.

What are the facts of our industrial progress, especially during the time that has elapsed since the census of 1870? The first misstatement made by the free-silverites is as to prices. They say that low prices are due to the "demonetization" of silver, whereas they are due to increased and cheaper facilities for production and transportation. Moreover, prices began to fall nearly seventy years before the act of 1873 was thought of. According to JEVONS they fell from a ratio of 240 in 1809 to 100 in 1840. According to the ratio used in the Senate report on prices they fell from 117 in 1840 to 100 in 1860. During the war prices rose until, according to the Senate table, they reached 216.8 in 1865. It was immediately after that year, and not after 1873, that prices again began to fall, and in 1873 they had got down to 137.5. The fact is that it required a war, with its depreciated currency, to interrupt and stop the progress of industrial arts by means of which the prices of the necessaries of life have been made cheaper and men have been made happier.

The signs of the country's prosperity are numerous and encouraging. Since 1873 the interest-bearing public debt has been reduced from $1,710,483,950 to $716,202,060, making an annual saving of interest of nearly $70,000,000. Within the last two years the silver agitation alone has checked the continued decrease of the national debt, which had been going on for twenty-five years.

In 1873 the net deposits in the national banks of the country amounted to $673,400,000; in 1895 they amounted to $1,989,300,000. We have not the statistics relating to savings-banks prior to 1883. In that year the total amount of deposits in these institutions was $1,024,856,787; in 1895 it was $1,810,597,023.

Our industrial progress was indicated by the rapid payment of the national debt, and also by the increased amount of money belonging to individuals and deposited in the national banks and the savings-banks. It is still more clearly proved by the statistics of trade and production. In 1873 this country exported cotton goods of the value of $2,947,588; in 1895 the value of its exports of manufactured cottons had increased nearly fivefold, and was $13,789,810; in 1873 the country produced 134,832,493 pounds of cane sugar; in 1895 it produced 720,392,561 pounds, an increase of nearly sixfold. In 1874 we manufactured 2,401,262 tons of pig-iron; in 1894 our furnaces produced 6,657,388 tons.

Nor is this prosperity due merely to increase of population. One illustration will suffice to show that the individual prospered despite the "crime of 1873." In 1873 the per capita expenditure for public schools was $5 95; that for 1893, the last year for which we have data, was $8 31.

Mr. BRYAN said, in his Madison Square Garden speech, that "railroad rates had not been reduced to keep pace with falling prices." Mr. BRYAN is mistaken, for while prices have fallen about 35 per cent., freight charges have been reduced from 63 to 80 per cent. In 1873 the freight charge on a bushel of wheat sent from Chicago to New York by lake and canal was 19.19 cents; in 1895 it was 4.11 cents; sent through by rail, the charge was 33.2 cents in 1873, and 12.17 cents in 1895.

This is certainly not the history of a decadent people, of a people in distress, who must needs look to a revolution for a change, who must needs take Mr. Bryan's remedy, which he confesses, if report be not untrue, will make his patient worse before it will begin to cure him. It is true that hard times are upon us; that trade is dull; that new enterprises are not undertaken; that a few factories are shutting down; that the demand for labor is therefore less than it was; that capital is waiting for the storm to blow over. But that these bad conditions are not due to the "demonetization" of silver is shown by the great prosperity which the country enjoyed after the passage of the act of 1873 and down to 1890. It is the silver agitation, and that alone, which has paralyzed business and brought distress to many, and its consequences are but a faint shadow of what will happen if Mr. Bryan should be elected. But when Mr. Bryan and the silver heresy have been finally beaten we may expect a return of that prosperity which gladdened the land before this assault was made upon the nation's honor.

## THE INDIANAPOLIS CONVENTION.

The Weekly has already expressed its opinion of the third-ticket movement, and it is perhaps unnecessary to repeat it; but the Indianapolis convention makes it necessary to mark with a word or two the progress of an important event in the political history of the country.

At the Indianapolis convention U. S. Senator John M. Palmer of Illinois was nominated for President, and ex-Governor Simon Bolivar Buckner of Kentucky was nominated for Vice-President. But these nominations are more interesting than important. They are interesting, partly because the candidates cannot be elected, and partly because of the important problem that is suggested as to the future of parties. The candidates themselves know that they have no chance of success, and that they are not likely to be voted for by a single Presidential elector. They and those who have named them for President and Vice-President have engaged in this movement not for personal or party success, but for the purpose of preventing the election of Mr. Bryan and the triumph of the Populistic assault upon the nation's honor and credit.

This alone would make the movement noteworthy, but it is further worthy of note because the party now formed is all that is left of the Democratic party that was founded by Thomas Jefferson. If one looks over the names of the men who are interested in this third party, one will find there nearly all the leaders who have conscientiously and intelligently stood for the Democratic principle.

There are the President, Mr. Carlisle, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Olney, Mr. Charles S. Fairchild, Mr. E. J. Phelps, Senators Gray and Vilas and Palmer, the young Democrats of New England, of whom the late Governor Russell was a bright exemplar, General Bragg, ex-Governor Buckner of Kentucky, and others whose names will occur to our readers. They are the names of men who have long been recognized as men who were Democrats because they understood Democratic principles and believed in them. Most of them are men who have never bartered their principles for office. Some of them have deliberately denied themselves political preferment by adhering to their political principles and denying the "bosses" of their party. Joined with them are some men who have often compromised with vice for the sake of office. But none of them can be accused of not knowing why he is a Democrat, and all of them have declared that neither Mr. Bryan nor his platform is Democratic.

In view of this, which will be the Democratic party of the future—the party led by Democrats and pledged to Democratic principles, or the party led by a Populist and pledged to Populistic notions? The young Democrat with political ambitions who does not follow Carlisle, Fairchild, Gray, and Wilson, and oppose Bryan, is very likely to find that he has missed his opportunity.

## THE VICTORY IN VERMONT.

What the politicians call the "first gun" of the campaign has sounded, and its reverberations have been heard throughout the Union. The result of the State election in Vermont was looked to with peculiar interest, because not only in Vermont, a strong Republican State of varying strength, according to the activity or apathy of the popular sentiment concerning the issues of the campaign, but also because it is as purely and exclusively an agricultural community as can be found in the East. It is to the farmers that Bryan and the Populists and the silver-mine-owners make their special appeal, busily striving to array them against the rest of the population which rests upon their interests, striving to approach them on the side of their class interest, tempting their cupidity by cunningly devised sophistries. If the farmers of New England, nay, if the farmers of any part of the country where popular education, moral or intellectual, is diffused, are really affected by this appeal, it is in Vermont that the result ought to show itself. And the result is that Vermont has given the largest majority for the Republican ticket that it has ever given yet, and it is plain that the additional and abnormal majority comes almost equally from Republican gains and from Democratic losses.

Nothing could be more wholesome or more exemplary. Whether it is the instinct or the reason of the farmers of Vermont that has been revolted by the Populistic appeals to class interest and class prejudice matters comparatively little. They felt, or they comprehended, that the campaign of Bryan was an attack upon civilization itself, and they voted accordingly. It is a vindication of American citizenship under trial that they have given. The immediate rise in the market of the securities of the great industrial corporations, which are the monuments of our material civilization, was the response to the election which was a vindication of our moral civilization. The black cloud seemed to have passed away, and the danger-signal to have been hauled down.

It was quite natural that Mr. Bryan, who had been talking freely for a month about everything, should have refused to talk about this thing. What was there to say? It was not at all open to him to say that local issues had confused the judgment of the voters of Vermont on national issues. For notoriously the local complications had been of a kind to favor the Democratic ticket, if the ticket had been really Democratic. The letter of Mr. Phelps had rendered that pretence untenable. That composition is likely to be remembered longer than any other contribution to the literature of this campaign, being marked not only by an elevation of patriotic sentiment which appeals to the emotions as well as to the reason, but by a dignity and pathos worthy to be likened to Burke at his best. Though it be true, as Mr. Phelps so touchingly said of his fellow-Democrats of Vermont, that his voice "has not troubled them often, and will not trouble them long" it has sounded in this campaign to a great purpose. In the letter in which he avowed his intention of voting for McKinley, he avowed also his intention of voting for the Republican candidate for Governor, and for the same object, that of marking his abhorrence of the principles and the programme of the men who had captured the machinery of his party. The majority in Vermont, a majority of nearly four to one, is the verdict of Vermont upon the question that is submitted to the whole country.

The danger of this sweeping victory is the danger of over-confidence; the danger that the supporters of civilization against anarchy may imagine that their cause is already won. They must not overlook that the Middle West is not New England, and that the Middle West and not New England is the battle-ground of this campaign. There is too much evidence that to bring the farmer of the Middle West up to the political plane of the farmer of New England there is needed a course of political education. That must be supplied if the defeat of Bryan is to be not only secured, but made so crushing that no demagogue shall thereafter imagine that the wrong side of an issue of common honesty offers a promising career in our national politics.

## NATIVE AND IMPORTED MISCHIEF.

Professor Norton, in his address at the Curtis Memorial meeting at Ashfield, spoke of some of the less encouraging symptoms of American development, and mentioned, as one of the causes of a possible degeneration of manners and principles, the debasement of the old American stock by immense importations of ignorance and worse from Europe. The sentiment is familiar. We are all used to deplore the excessive dilution of the really and truly American stock, and to be apprehensive of mischief to be done our institutions by ill-regulated foreigners. Professor Norton expressed this fear moderately enough. No doubt it has a basis. Some very squalid, brutalized people come to this country and settle in whom it may very probably take several generations to develop a capacity for self-government. Such citizens may be dangerous when there are enough of them and they get under control of bad leaders, but it would seem that any one who fears that they or their like will do the republic serious harm fails to reckon with the efficiency of the true and indigenous American stock. Is there not a valid basis for the opinion that if mischief is played with Uncle Sam from inside his lines it will not be mischief of any alien breed, but strictly American, with American lime in its bones and American molecules in its blood?

If from the aggregate of contemporary political mischief-makers all those could be deducted whose grandfathers were born in the United States, it is suspected that there would not be enough left to cause any fairly calm person much agitation. The native American capacity for devilment is pretty large—a good deal larger and more continuous than all of our philosophers realize. Altgeld of Illinois is a mischievous person, who looks foreign, has a foreign-sounding name and unconstitutional sentiments. He seems to be able and active, and if he was personally imported from Europe it is a pity he was let in. But Altgeld seems to be an exception among the advocates of repudiation. Most of them are notoriously American, and in the States where the silver heresy is strong it seems to be quite as strong with Americans of American ancestry as with those of alien birth. Senator Morgan of Alabama, for example, derives from the Pilgrims! One of the longest-haired States in Uncle Samuel's whole galaxy is Kansas, which was settled to order with native Americans, yet few States beat it in hospitality to innovations and political and fiscal heresies.

Of course the question of the comparative potency of native and imported mischief is too big to be discussed in an editorial, but this much at least one can say, that the thoughtful observer who bases his belief in the destiny of the American people upon his confidence in the fundamental sanity and honesty of the original American stock may possess his soul in serenity even when the outlook is black. If the hereditary Americans don't play hob with the country themselves, nobody else will. There are too many of them to be swamped, and their will and their standards will rule for better or worse.

## LOCAL CURRENCY AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE.

The coining of silver at any other than the market ratio to gold must result in creating a local currency. Nowhere but in the United States is the existing silver dollar received except at its bullion value of 53 cents, and it would be no different no matter how many dollars were coined, or to what point their bullion value fell. Remaining in the United States, the number in circulation would increase, and prices of all articles in the domestic markets would rise, while wages would remain stationary. With no possible outlet, every coin would remain here to produce its share in the movement of prices.

In proof of this may be cited the prices of articles in countries now on a silver basis. The value of the Mexican dollar in 1884 was 87.5 cents in United States money. In Sonora, white sugar sold for 16 cents a pound, milk 70 cents a gallon. In the city of Mexico the cost of room and lodging at the hotel is $10 a day, a charge which appears very high until the lodger tenders in payment a $10 gold piece (United States coin) and receives back the receipted bill with more than nine Mexican dollars. The prices of all articles are quoted in silver, and thus appear to be double the prices prevailing in New Orleans; but the real difference is that it takes about two silver dollars to pay for one gold dollar. The same situation will be found to exist in every country having a silver basis for its currency.

The trials experienced by countries having a circulating medium whose value is local—fixed by law at other than the true value of the metal—are very obvious when their foreign payments come to be made. There is no state without such foreign payments, for no people can get along without foreign commerce. Their imports are valued by the standard of the world, and their exports are subjected to the same standard just as soon as they get outside of the national boundary. A payment from China to England must be reduced to a gold basis, just as England pays China in silver, but silver equivalent to gold. Let us see what the result is.

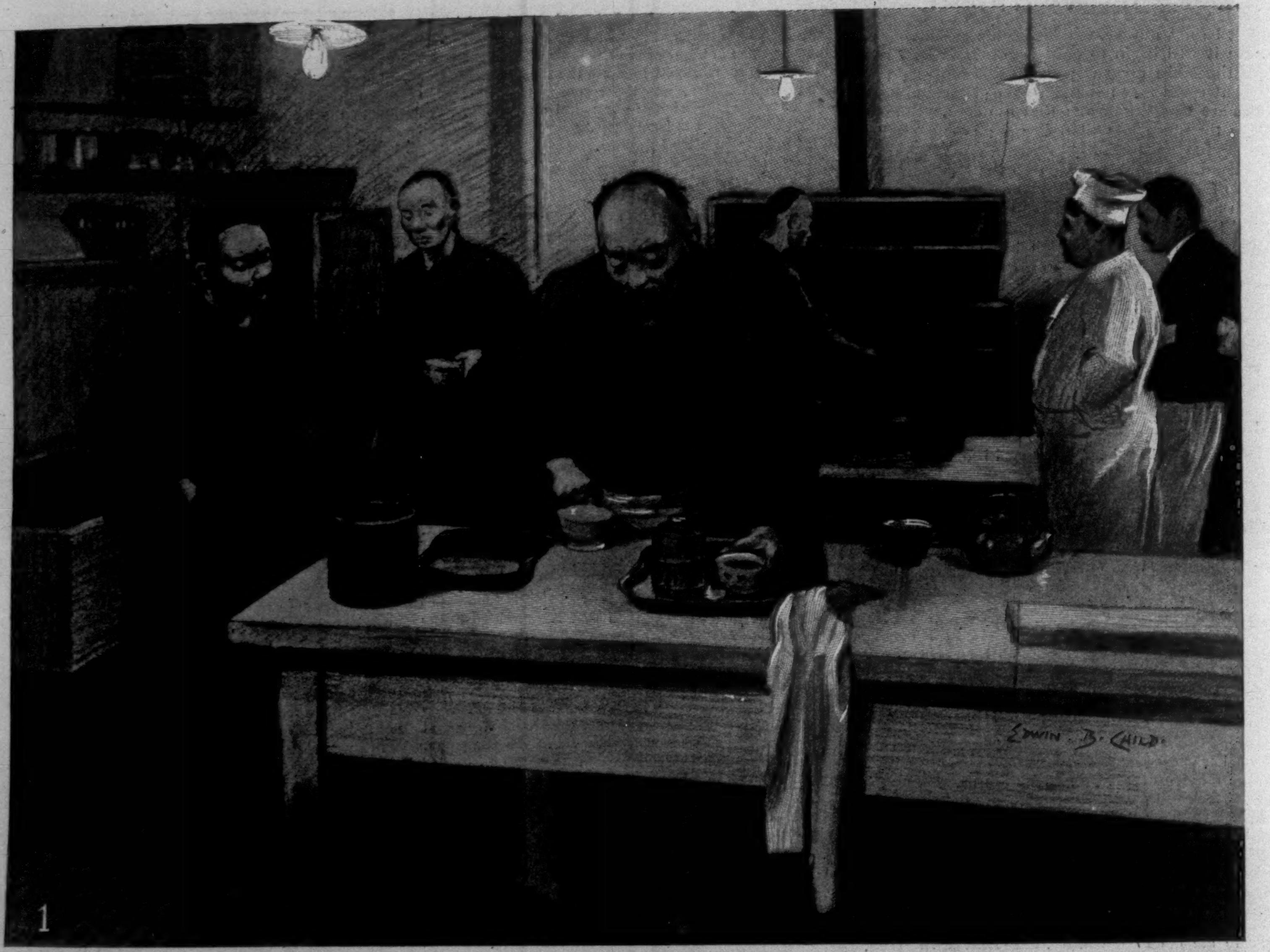
In Brazil a paper currency has driven the precious metals from circulation, and the paper millreis is the standard of value in fact, though the millreis in gold is the standard in theory. This gold millreis is worth 54.6 cents in our money, and, were the paper of full value, a paper millreis would be worth just as much. In reality the paper is worth about 20 cents, or less than one-half its nominal or face value. In 1856 a Brazilian, having a debt to pay in London or New York, took his millreis to the exchange-office, and received a bill of exchange at the rate of 54.6 cents for every millreis. This bill he sent to his correspondent, who received it in payment of the debt at the rate of 54.6 cents the millreis.

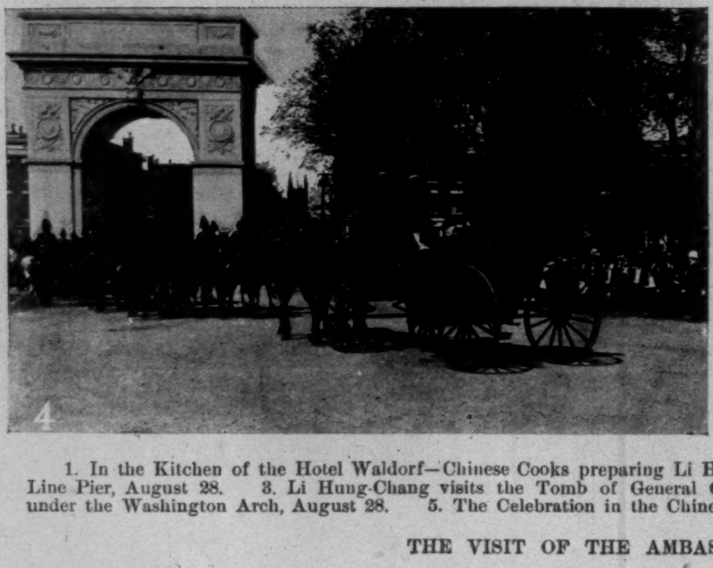
In 1895 the same merchant, in taking his paper millreis to the exchange-office, finds that it is no longer worth anything like 54.6 cents, but only 19 cents. To settle with his New York correspondent he is obliged to pay nearly three millreis where one had been sufficient. Nor is this all. A medium once depreciated fluctuates greatly in value, sometimes from day to day. The result is that our Brazilian can never tell what he may be obliged to pay to obtain his bill. In 1895 the value of the millreis fluctuated from 18 to 23 cents, or by more than one-fourth. One month about four millreis would purchase one dollar in exchange, and in another month nearly six were required for the same end. Trading is disturbed and becomes a gamble, for the variations in value are sufficient to create a class who speculate in prices, not commodities; but those speculations affect the markets and interfere with legitimate transactions.

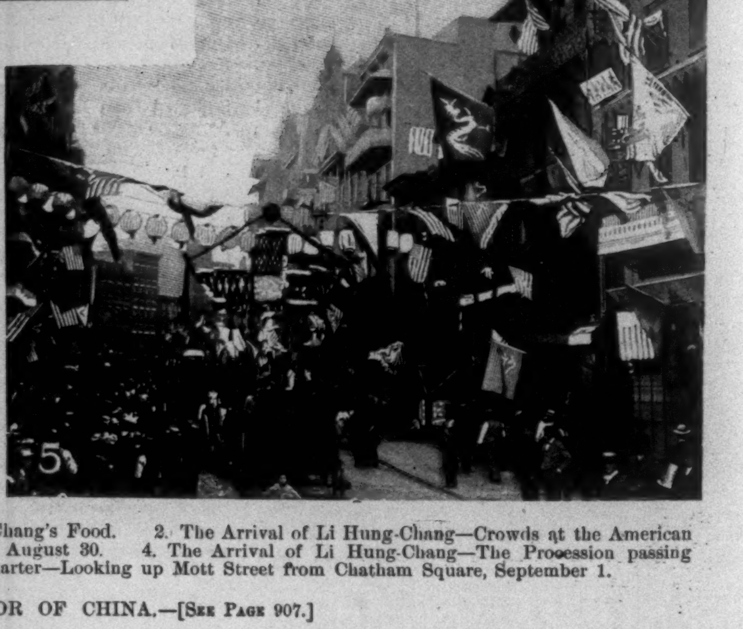
We have taken the Brazilian paper medium as an example because it represents an irredeemable paper, non-exportable, and therefore producing the extreme results of depreciation. A silver medium, where the unit of value is a coin containing a definite weight of silver of a certain fineness, has acted in the same manner since 1873. It has produced a great disturbance of prices at home, and introduced uncertainty and loss in foreign exchanges. British India was brought to the verge of financial desperation by the difficulties encountered in making remittances to England, where large sums were owing. The Indian merchant could never foresee, even a week ahead, what his remittance was to cost him. This was an onerous tax on all business, and both exporter and importer suffered. The only cure offered was to close the mints to silver, and accept a valuation of the unit of standard which would be reasonably stable. Any exporting country (and all countries export) with a silver standard has passed through the same experiences in kind.

In 1880 the merchant of the United States would receive the silver peso of Central America at 83.6 cents; now he will allow only 49.3 cents. The sucre of Ecuador, the sol of Peru, and the peso of Colombia show an equal change in value. The buyer of foreign goods in any of these countries finds that his coin, or "standard," has shrunk in exchange, and he must pay out nearly two pieces to obtain what formerly cost him one. The Indian silver rupee was worth 39.7 cents in 1880, and is now taken only for 23.4 cents. As the United States is a large exporter of its produce, it could not hope to escape the penalty of taking up a currency system based upon silver.

On the other hand, the gold coins of nations have not altered in value. Containing a given weight of gold of a definite fineness, they are valued in 1896 at just what they were valued in 1880. Can any one who has business transactions to perform hesitate between the two systems?

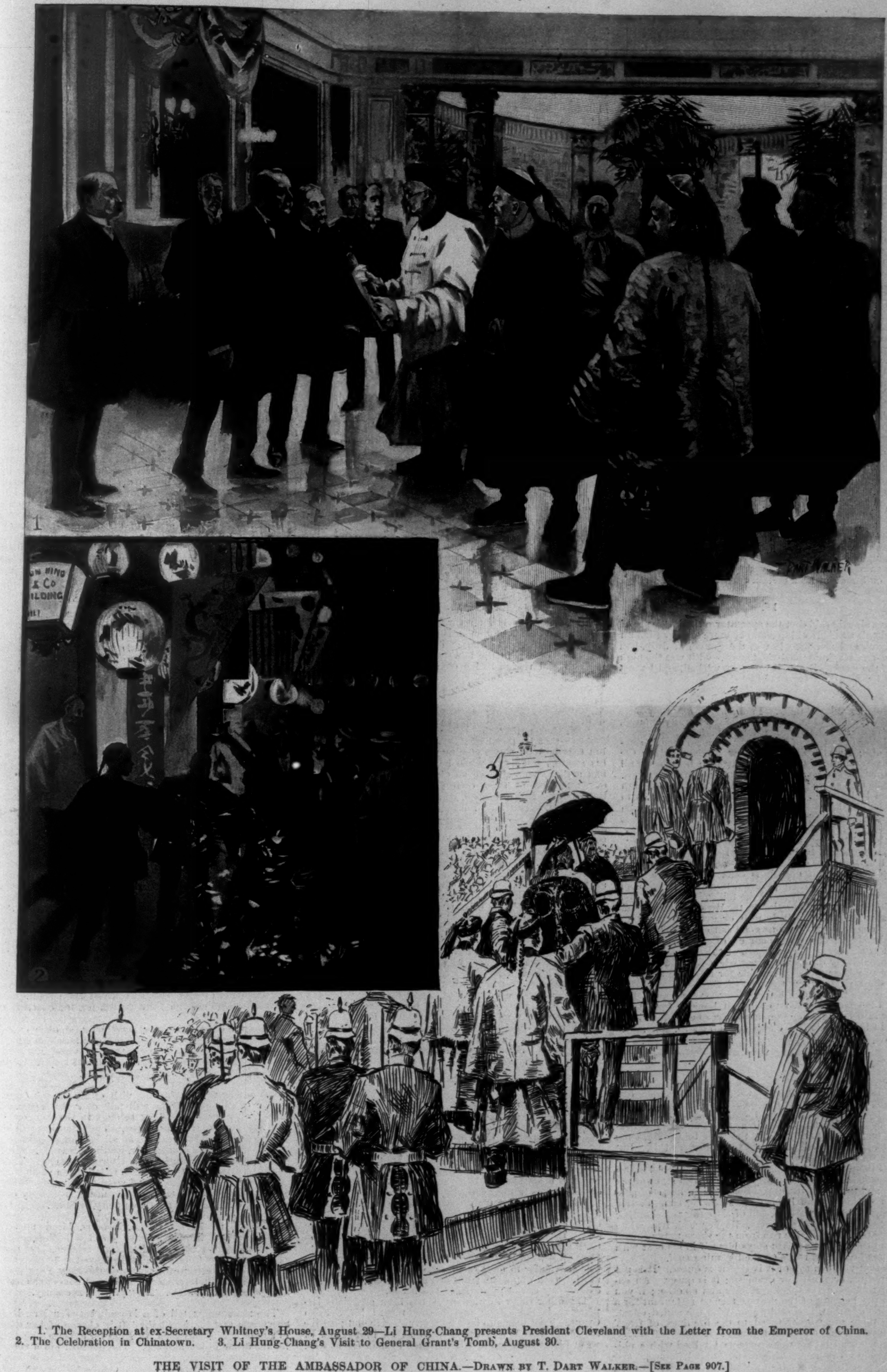






1. In the Kitchen of the Hotel Waldorf—Chinese Cooks preparing Li Hung-Chang's Food. 2. The Arrival of Li Hung-Chang—Crowds at the American Line Pier, August 28. 3. Li Hung-Chang visits the Tomb of General Grant, August 30. 4. The Arrival of Li Hung-Chang—The Procession passing under the Washington Arch, August 28. 5. The Celebration in the Chinese Quarter—Looking up Mott Street from Chatham Square, September 1.

THE VISIT OF THE AMBASSADOR OF CHINA.—[See Page 907.]



1. The Reception at ex-Secretary Whitney's House, August 29—Li Hung-Chang presents President Cleveland with the Letter from the Emperor of China.
2. The Celebration in Chinatown.
3. Li Hung-Chang's Visit to General Grant's Tomb, August 30.

THE VISIT OF THE AMBASSADOR OF CHINA.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 907.]

# LIFE AND LETTERS

## III.

I THINK you could only get a hard drink by ordering something to eat and sitting down to your wine or beer at a table. Again I say that I saw no effects of drink in the crowd, and in one of the great restaurants built out over the sea on piers, where there was perpetual dancing to the braying of a brass-band, the cotillon had no fire imparted to its figures by the fumes of the bar. In fact it was a very rigid sobriety that reigned here, governing the common behavior by means of the placards which hung from the roof over the heads of the dancers, and repeatedly announced that gentlemen were not allowed to dance together, or to carry umbrellas or canes while dancing, while all were entreated not to spit on the floor.

The dancers looked happy and harmless, if not very wise or splendid; they seemed people of the same simple neighborhoods, village lovers, young wives and husbands, and parties of friends who had come together for the day's pleasure. A slight mother, much weighed down by a heavy baby, passed, rapt in an innocent envy of them, and I think she and the child's father meant to join them as soon as they could find a place where to lay it. Almost any place would do; at another great restaurant I saw two chairs faced together, and a baby sleeping on them as quietly amidst the coming and going of lagers and frankfurters as if in its cradle at home.

Lagers and frankfurters were much in evidence everywhere, especially frankfurters, which seemed to have whole booths devoted to broiling them. They disputed this dignity with soft-shell crabs, and sections of eels, piled attractively on large platters, or sizzling to an impassioned brown in deep skillets of fat. The old acrid smell of frying brought back many holidays of Italy to me, and I was again at times on the Riva at Venice, and in the Mercato Vecchio at Florence. But the Continental Sunday cannot be felt to have quite replaced the old American Sabbath yet; the Puritan leaven works still, and though so many of our own people consent willingly to the transformation, I fancy they always enjoy themselves on Sunday with a certain consciousness of wrongdoing.

## IV.

I have already said that the spectator quite lost sense of what day it was. Nothing could be more secular than all the sights and sounds. It was the Fourth of July, less the fire-crackers, and the drunkenness, and it was the high day of the week. But if it was very wicked, and I must recognize that the scene would be shocking to most of my readers, I feel bound to say that the people themselves did not look wicked. They looked harmless; they even looked good, the most of them. I am sorry to say they were not very good-looking. The women were pretty enough, and the men were handsome enough; perhaps the average was higher in respect of beauty than the average is anywhere else; I was lately from New England, where the people were distinctly more hard-favored; but among all those thousands, the other day, I found no striking types. It may be that as we grow older and our satisfaction with our own looks wanes, we become more fastidious as to the looks of others. At any rate there seems to be much less beauty in the world than there was thirty or forty years ago.

On the other hand, the dresses seem indefinitely prettier, as they should be in compensation. When we were all so handsome we could well afford to wear hoops or peg-top trousers, but now it is different, and the poor things must eke out their personal ungainliness with all the devices of the modiste and the tailor. I do not mean that there was any distinction in the dress of the crowd, but I saw nothing positively ugly or grotesquely out of taste. The costumes were as good as the customs, and I have already celebrated the manners of this crowd. I believe I must except the costumes of the bicyclesses, who were unfailingly dumpy in effect when dismounted, and who were all the more lamentable for tottering about, in their short skirts, upon the tips of their narrow little, sharp-pointed, silly high heels. How severe I am! But those high heels seemed to take all honesty from their daring in the wholesome exercise of the wheel, and to keep them in the tradition of cheap coquetry still, and imbecilly dependent.

## V.

I have almost forgotten in the interest of the human spectacle that there is a sea somewhere about at Rockaway Beach, and it is this that the people have come for. I might well forget that modest sea, it is so built out of sight by the restaurants and bath-houses and switchbacks, and shops that border it, and by the hotels and saloons and shows flaring along the road that divides the village, and the planked streets that intersect this. But if you walk southward on any of the streets, you presently find the planks foundering in sand, which drifts far up over them, and then you find yourself in full sight of the ocean and the ocean bathing. Swarms and heaps of people in all lolling and lying and wallowing shapes strew the beach, and the water is full of slopping and shouting and shrieking human creatures, clinging with bare white arms to the life-lines that run from the shore to the buoys; beyond these the life-guard stays himself in his boat with outspread oars, and rocks on the incoming surf.

All that you can say of it is that it is queer. It is not picturesque, or poetic, or dramatic; it is queer. An enfilading glance gives this impression and no other; if you go to the balcony of the nearest marine restaurant for a flanking eye-shot, it is still queer, with the added effect, in all those arms upstretched to the life-lines, of frogs' legs inverted in a downward plunge.

On the sand before this spectacle I talked with a philosopher of humble condition who backed upon me and knocked my umbrella out of my hand. This made us beg each other's pardon; he said that he did not know I was there, and I said it did not matter. Then we both looked at the bathing, and he said,

"I don't like that."

"Why," I asked, "do you see any harm in it?"

"No. But I don't like the looks of it. It ain't nice. It's—queer."

It was indeed like one of those uncomfortable dreams where you are not dressed sufficiently for company, or perhaps at all, and yet are making a very public appearance. This promiscuous bathing was not much in excess of the convention that governs the sea-bathing of the politest people; it could not be; and it was marked by no grave misconduct. Here and there a gentleman was teaching a lady to swim, with his arms round her; here and there a wild nereid was splashing another; a young Jew pursued a flight of naiads with a section of dead eel in his hand. But otherwise all was a damp and dreary decorum. I challenged my philosopher in vain for a specific cause of his dislike of the scene.

Most of the people on the sand were in bathing-dress, but there were a multitude of others who had apparently come for the sea-air and not the sea-bathing. A mother sat with a sick child on her knees; babies were cradled in the sand asleep, and people walked carefully round and over them. There were everywhere a great many poor mothers and children, who seemed getting the most of the good that was going.

## VI.

But upon the whole, though I drove away from the beach celebrating the good temper and the good order of the scene to an applausive driver, I have since thought of it as rather melancholy. It was in fact no wiser or livelier than a society function in the means of enjoyment it afforded. The best thing about it was that it left the guests very much to their own devices. The established pleasures were clumsy and tiresome-looking; but one could eschew them. The more of them one eschewed, the merrier perhaps; for I doubt if the race is formed for much pleasure; and even a day's rest is more than most people can bear. They endure it in passing, but they get home weary and cross, even after a twenty-mile run on the wheel. The road, by-the-bye, was full of homeward wheels by this time, single and double and tandem, and my driver professed that their multitude greatly increased the difficulties of his profession. W. D. Howells.

# THIS BUSY WORLD

If Li Hung-Chang does not know all about America and the Americans it is not for want of asking; and if we don't know all about him it is not because we have not paid close attention to him, and read diligently what has been said of him in the newspapers. He has been very pleasant and remunerative company—a man of feeling and of humor, a notable spectacle, and really worth the pains that Uncle Sam and the Americans have taken with him. He seems to have disappointed no one except those who, like the West-Pointers, expected to see him and didn't. He apologized for not going ashore in the rain at West Point, telling the officers who came aboard the *Dolphin* that he usually brought his weather with him, but that he took a nap coming up from New York, and his weather got away while he was asleep. We never had a guest who showed so obvious a capacity to beat our reporters at their own game, and even to give them odds. Li's questions, which have caused so much amusement, were always intelligent and excellently adapted to gain the most information in the least time. His outspoken interest in the financial side of everything, though it did some violence to our notions of company manners, was entirely reasonable from an unprejudiced point of view. We don't ask strangers, How rich are you? when we are introduced to them, but if they interest us at all we take an early opportunity of finding out that very thing. Our desire to know does not spring from sordid or idle curiosity, but it helps us as much as any one bit of information to understand and to place them. What we learn about a stranger's income gives us a basis from which to surmise what his habits of life are and what interests him. But we are not content to know how much he has got; we want also to know how he got it. We never ask him directly either question, but we inquire of some one else, or wait until the information comes to us, as it always does without much delay. We don't need to ask, How old are you? because we can estimate age readily enough by appearances, but it is one of the first inquiries we make about a person in whom our interest is excited but whom we have not yet seen. It is evident enough, therefore, that there was nothing eccentric or heathenish about Li's standing questions. He wanted to know what we all want to know about strangers, the difference between him and us being that he sought his information directly, while we use more roundabout methods. He seems, by-the-way, to have volunteered no information about how rich he was himself, a matter as to which a good deal of earnest speculation has arisen. One may wonder, without offence, whether it has occurred to any of Li's entertainers to show him one of the annual publications of Dun or Bradstreet, wherein the financial standing of every American in actual business is set forth in black and white for the guidance of his fellows in their dealings with him.

What has seemed truly remarkable about Li has been the vigor of his mind as shown in the liveliness of his interest in everything shown him and in all the people he met. He has not only wanted to know, but he has seemed to be able to assimilate all sorts of information gathered from all sorts of haphazard sources. He is an example in that particular to most of us, who gather what we know not by word of mouth from original sources, but almost exclusively out of newspapers and books.

The other thing in him which has been especially impressive is the strong and lasting regard for General Grant. That seems to be a perfectly sincere and positive sentiment, and is remarkable both as an illustration of what Li really is and of what manner of man Grant was. That General Grant in a short time, and while on his travels, should have impressed such a man so strongly is a notable thing, and that Li should have been so impressed and should have given such repeated and continuous evidence of the strength of his sentiment is notable, too, and has probably had much to do with the warmth of his reception in this country.

Most of the hay-fever patients are still in full enjoyment of their distressing malady. All of them who could have left home, and those that are not on the water are scattered over the surface of the earth between Tokyo and Paris. Many are in the White Mountains; many are abroad; all are having as much fun as sneezes and other circumstances permit. They used to be considered to have the advantage of the rest of the community in the necessity they were under of staying away from home during the period of their disease, but in that particular they are not so different from the rest of Americans as they were when hay fever was first invented.

Nowadays the summer change is by no means a monopoly enjoyed by the rich or even of the well-to-do. It varies as much in cost and kind as shoes or stockings, or any desirable thing that people can do without at a pinch; but whereas it is broadly true that the person who pays the biggest price gets the best shoes, the rule has very limited application to summer vacations, respecting which it often happens that a cheap one is much more recuperative and satisfactory than one that is more expensive. The elements of chief cost in summer vacations are time, travel, society, and fashion. People whose time is cheap, or who have it to spare and who do not go far from home, and who take their society with them and avoid fashion, can get their summer change of air and scene and all the benefits it ought to bring at astonishingly small cost. Millions of Americans do it. The principal difference between the contemporaneous hay-fever victim and his fellow is that the victim knows beforehand just when his summer trip would best begin and how long it should last, whereas the fellow has a little trouble every year in determining when his summer outing should begin and how long it should continue.

Charles S. Reinhart had come to be an old friend to the readers of the American magazines. Fifteen years ago he was doing admirably what very few American illustrators could do at that time, though a good many have since learned how—making easy, charming, and somewhat humorous illustrations of social life. The present writer recalls that when *Life* was started in 1883 Mr. Reinhart seemed the American artist of all others whose work seemed particularly adapted to promote the fortunes of that aspiring periodical. He was beyond the reach of its solicitations then, and *Life* had to develop its own coterie as in due time it did, with notable success. There has been a disheartening mortality of very recent years among the contributors both of literature and pictures to the American magazines and picture-papers. Keppler and Gillam, De Meza, Charles Johnson, Stevenson, Bunner, Gail Hamilton, Kate Field—all of them were familiar to the readers of American periodicals, and almost all of them are gone, seemingly before their time, with good pictures undrawn and good words unwritten. *Punch* meanwhile goes on from generation to generation with Tenniel, Du Maurier, Sambourne, and Burnand, and though it has had its losses of recent years, those four old friends are enought to keep it the old familiar *Punch*.

The way to get newspaper verse read nowadays is to set it like prose and print it as an editorial paragraph. It appears that the great multitude of readers think they have no time for verse, and dodge the poet's corner so systematically that they miss even the good things that creep in there. But the prose paragraph, placed, as the advertisers say, "next to reading matter," catches them. They begin it thinking it is a simple communication of fact or opinion in plain language, and when they find it is verse they are amused and go on. When the *Sun* observes editorially, "open the gate with a hearty bang, the gate of the Yankee nation, and give good-day to Li Hung-Chang with appropriate elation. For he's a genuine China swell, with jackets to burn and feathers to sell, of immense capitalization," no one who has any discrimination will fail to read the whole paragraph, nor will any reasonable person complain because with a mind intent upon prose he has been trapped into a pitfall of poetry.

A contemporary paragrapher who finds reason to believe that any general use of American cars on European railways is not immediately probable goes on to say that, "as it is, the European coaches are not so destitute of all comforts as they have been described to be. Most of the first and second class coaches are supplied with the necessary adjuncts to agreeable travel, and the sleeping-cars are comfortable enough for a person not too exacting in his demands."

How short a time it is since Lowell wrote an essay on "A certain condescension in foreigners," and here's an American remarking, without affectation, that the European railroad system is not so bad after all, and is quite tolerable to persons unused to anything better!

The rumor that during the visit of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to this country he will talk over the Venezuela matter with Secretary Olney belongs in the category of things that are interesting if true. The interview will not be any less interesting, since, as all Washington knows, Mrs. Chamberlain's brother, Mr. Endicott, was Mr. Olney's private secretary when he was Attorney-General. There might be something to be said in extenuation of an international marriage which would seem to bring the British Secretary of State for the Colonies into particularly easy relations with the American Secretary of State.

"Skilled mechanics, clerks, laborers, hired men on farms, young fellows who have just left high-school or academy, and are better athletes than scholars," are especially invited by Commissioner Roosevelt to apply at the entrance examinations for places on the New York police force. Strength, intelligence, and good character are the indispensable requisites. No "pull" is necessary.

The newspapers tell of a lawsuit between Mrs. R. L. Stevenson and the agent she left in charge of her estate in Samoa. She was sued for £129 for expenses incurred for the estate in her absence. The plaintiff got a verdict for half that amount, which may or may not have been a victory for him. Mrs. Stevenson conducted her own case.

E. S. Martin.

Let us draw distinctions between a rolling ship and a roller-ship. Those who have been in deep water are familiar with the former. This uncomfortable failing of a ship may be due in part to faults of construction, though a continuation of long swells sometimes imparts the wallowing movement to a steamer. The roller-ship is the latest novelty. It is the invention of M. Ernest Bazin, and his first vessel was launched in the Seine in August. The craft is named after the inventor, and she consists of a platform 38½ metres long by 12 broad. On this platform are to be placed boilers, engines, compartments for the storage of freight, and quarters for passengers and crew. The *Ernest Bazin* is of 280 tons. For her flotation and propulsion she sits on six hollow disks or rollers, which are at right angles with the platform. These six wheels are worked by the steam-engine. In the *Ernest Bazin* each disk has a diameter of 10 metres (the metre is 39.371 inches), with a circumference of 31.40. The greatest width of the disk is 3.33 metres, and one-third of it is submerged. The force estimated to propel the vessel is 550 horse-power. The speed of the vessel, theoretically calculated, the inventor believes will be between 20 and 22 knots an hour. That by no means constitutes a flier. But says M. Ernest Bazin about this: "Wait awhile. My little craft in the Seine is my *coup d'essai*. I am going to build a big ship of 3000 tons, with thousands of horse-power, disks in proportion, and then I shall certainly attain a speed of 32 knots an hour. In 100 hours I shall cover 3200 miles. Then you will say 'adieu' to Havre on a Monday morning, and 'bonjour' to New York some time on Thursday, or at latest early on Friday morning. Voilà!" We may as well await future developments.

B. P.

### LONDON.

Lord Wolseley's outspoken statements with regard to the Indian army have raised a tremendous storm of indignation in outside military circles. In reply to a question from a member of the Royal Commission on Indian Expenditure, before which he was giving evidence, the Commander-in-Chief said: "We should not like to put our Indian troops in front of European soldiers. I should not like to fight France or Germany or any other army with Indian troops." To say the least, it is a tactless way of putting it, especially when one considers that the Indian cavalry are admittedly the best in the world, and that in the Goorkha and Sikh regiments is to be found as good fighting material as anywhere in Europe and Asia. Few generals probably would care to face a European army with native troops unsupported by British soldiers. But they have sense enough not to say so. The indignation aroused is not so much directed against Lord Wolseley's incredible folly in making such a statement as against Lord Wolseley himself. He is unpopular with the army; he is unpopular in the country. He showed in the Ashantee business a petty jealousy of his second in command, Sir John Glover, that disgusted every one. He deliberately suppressed Sir Edward Hamley's name in the official reports of Tel-el-Kebir, though every one knew that Hamley's division turned the scale of fortune at the decisive moment of the battle. He has taken almost pathetic care to do nothing to make himself unpopular at court. His military exploits have made English arms ridiculous in the eyes of European critics. Nothing he has ever done or ever will do can equal the brilliant achievements of England's really national hero—Lord Roberts. Nine out of every ten men wanted "Bobs" to be Commander-in-Chief, but "Bobs" is not a court toady. He is merely a soldier who knows his business, and as such a by no means desirable person, according to the genius of the British constitution, to place at the head of the British army.

S. B.

### CHICAGO.

The city of Alton, Illinois, is about to pay a somewhat tardy tribute to the memory of its most famous citizen. It is nearly sixty years since Elijah Parish Lovejoy, the pioneer abolitionist, made his last stand for freedom in that city, and was killed on the threshold of his newspaper office by a pro-slavery mob. The city and the State of Illinois have recently combined to contribute a fund of $30,000 for the purpose of erecting a monument in Lovejoy's memory, and the work is now well under way. The site chosen is on the bluffs facing the Mississippi River, and in clear view of the railroads that run through Alton. The monument has the form of a granite shaft, ninety feet in height, surmounted by an imposing Victory. The granite base is flanked by two sentinel columns, thirty feet high, bearing bronze eagles on their summits. The four panels of the main column have inscriptions, of which three commemorate Lovejoy in his threefold capacity as "martyr to liberty," "champion of free speech," and "minister of the gospel," while the fourth, bearing the legend "Salve Victores!" reads as follows, "This monument commemorates the valor, devotion, and sacrifice of the noble defenders of the press, who in this city, November 7, 1837, made the first armed resistance to the aggressions of the slave power in America." The work of Lovejoy and his associates is one of the proudest memories of Illinois, and this monument gives it appropriate and worthy recognition.

The commissioners in charge of the park system of West Chicago are going in for a number of innovations that are sure to be appreciated by the public. They include a bicycle race-track, a gymnasium, and a natatorium. The last two institutions have just been dedicated to the public. The natatorium provides accommodations for several hundred bathers, with separate pools for men and women, and all the necessary appliances will be furnished without charge. The gymnasium is combined with a quarter-mile running-track, and is essentially an out-door affair, provided with apparatus in great variety. Both these institutions are situated in the part of Chicago that lies well away from Lake Michigan, and is consequently most in need of such accommodations. It would be well for the park authorities of other large cities to follow this admirable example, and make their municipal pleasure-grounds thus minister in the widest sense to the physical needs of the poorer classes. There is no wiser form of public expenditure, and none that will bring a larger return from a given investment.

W. M. P.

### BOSTON.

The campaign button has a real significance, and affords a convenient means of making the wearer's political opinions known, but the "phrase" button, which has become so great a craze, has nothing beyond its absurd and vulgar nature to recommend it. The manager of the electric railway between Boston and Lynn has just issued an order forbidding his conductors to wear "phrase buttons" while on duty. The propriety of this order will be perceived from the fact that some of these buttons bore the sentence, "I would not do a thing to you," and others were inscribed, "If you love me, smile." It is no wonder that travellers on the line objected to having these impudent, though tacit, remarks poked under their noses whenever the conductors punched a ticket. The progress of this country in civilization might, by-the-way, be traced in the gradual improvement of railroad manners and language. "Gents' Room" has given way, almost universally, to "Men's Room"; the slouch hat of the train hand has been replaced by the uniform cap. Perhaps in time every conductor will be a Chesterfield.

One of the indirect results of the prohibitory law is the extraordinary impetus which it gives to the business of keeping an apothecary shop. In almost all no-license towns and cities there appears to be an unusual need of drugs, and the apothecaries are always among the most thriving citizens of the place. The explanation is that in such towns an enormous demand arises for "Jamaica ginger"—a remedy so alcoholic in its nature that it has been known to produce genuine cases of *delirium tremens*. From the selling of Jamaica ginger to the selling of unmitigated rum is an easy passage, and apothecary shops in no-license towns are often provided with a back office in which this business is carried on in secret. In Waltham, a no-license city, eight or ten miles from Boston, nearly 500 gallons of intoxicating liquors were seized recently in a druggist's shop kept by a prominent citizen, a former city officer. Waltham has long been noted for the number of its apothecaries, many if not most of whom are simply liquor-dealers who pay no license, and whose stock of medicine is hardly more than a cover for their illegitimate business.

A woman has been discovered on Cape Cod whose ninety-ninth birthday was celebrated lately. She has never been more than twelve miles from the town in which she was born, and she never even saw a train of cars; the telegraph and the telephone are known to her only by their names, and of electric-lighting she remarked lately, "I don't see how they can get light if they don't have some oil about it somewhere." Railroad cars and locomotives are interesting as spectacles, as things to stand and look at, and the telephone is a wonderful example of human ability; but, after all, these inventions do not make the ordinary person better or wiser or happier. Would not anybody who cares for reading, for example, rather sacrifice the telegraph or the telephone than the works of Thackeray or of Hawthorne? Aurelia B. Fuller—that is her name, and we recommend it to Mr. Howells—has not been without experience. She has had two husbands, and in the war of 1812 she saw a British frigate bombard the town of Falmouth.

H. C. M.

### PHILADELPHIA.

Principal George H. Cliff, of the Girls' Normal School, has established a unique experimental class, consisting of little boys of about the age of six years, who have thus far been taught only what is right. They have no knowledge of the wrong way of doing things. When they do make a mistake, it is not so called by the teacher. No distinction between right and wrong is drawn. Only the best models of conduct and work are persistently held before them. These they are taught to follow. The children are conscious when they do not attain to the standard, and they are taught to strive more diligently to reach it; but their failures are not called errors or condemned as wrong. Hence the children have no consciousness of wrong-doing, and having no fear of punishment for it, they do not seek to evade the results of their shortcomings. In this way it is thought the temptation to lie is eliminated. The pupils are candid and straightforward, free from the habit of evasion. The old-fashioned idea was to teach the child the nature of sin and its consequences, with the idea that it would avoid sin or wrong-doing because of the inevitable punishment. The new plan consists in an ignoring of the existence of sin, and the inculcation of good and wholesome concepts only. As sin is but a comparative thing, after all, it seems only reasonable to suppose that the elimination of the comparisons might do away with sin, or at least all that is acquired by training and is not innate.

A committee of the Fairmount Park Association has suggested that sufficient money be appropriated by councils to establish an esplanade along the west bank of the Schuylkill River, from Bartram's Gardens, near Gray's Ferry Bridge, to the entrance of the park. At present this section of the river-bank is given over to business, and is far from being an adornment. Such an improvement as has been suggested would not only be a thing of beauty, but one of usefulness, affording, as it would, a driveway and entrance to the park from the southern section of the city. Now the citizens living below Market Street and east of the Schuylkill River can reach the park only by way of Broad Street or Twenty-second Street, crossing the railroad at grade—a long and ofttime dusty ride through the city.

C. R. W.

### WASHINGTON.

In the death of John Chamberlin, at Saratoga, where he had gone in the fruitless hope of recovery, this city surrenders a character who has stood, one might say, for the conviviality of a nation. His early days were spent in a conspicuous and lucrative management of club-houses in St. Louis, New York, Long Branch, and Washington, with an unconquerable taste for the race-track, which somewhat dissipated his possessions. His later years have been distinguished by the administration of a famous hotel in Washington, and the recent establishment, by Congressional favor, of a palatial resort at Old Point? "John Chamberlin's" entertained, casually at least, more public men than any other resort at the capital, not even excepting the cramped and dingy prehistoric bar-room known as "Hancock's." Its cuisine was famed for its excellence, and the place, favored by epicurean aristocracy, passes into history honored mostly for its late liquidized suppers and the Congressional poker games which were traditionally maintained in its secret recesses. Chamberlin himself was a man of jovial, generous tendencies, alert and experienced, and justly compensated in his business of landlord, and his name and house will probably be genially associated for a long time with the commensality of public Washington.

J. E. J.

### NEW ORLEANS.

Reports from the parishes declare that the water-hyacinth is proving a far greater nuisance this season than last year, that it is beyond the control of the local authorities, and that the Federal government will have to take in charge the task of getting rid of it, or all the waterways of the Southwest will be dammed up and rendered unnavigable. The water-hyacinth is a Central American aquatic plant which produces a beautiful flower of lilac or light blue. Nine years ago it attracted the attention of a Louisiana visitor, who brought a few of the plants here and cultivated them in a bucket. Nobody has traced the history of the plant for the next five or six years, but three years ago a few of these flowers were found in Bayou St. John, one of the outlets of New Orleans. It seemed to flourish in the climate of Louisiana even more luxuriantly than in Central America. When, however, a freeze came, the water-hyacinth disappeared, died, and sunk to the bottom of the bayou. Next spring, however, it showed itself again, and before the cold weather came it had completely covered the bayou, which looked like a field of purple heather, the water being absolutely invisible, hidden by the thick foliage of the plant, and navigation was seriously impeded. At considerable expense the hyacinths in the bayou were got rid of, but it has since been heard from in a hundred different localities. Last year the police jury of Terre Bonne Parish had a special meeting to determine what to do with this pest, which was damming up bayous Terre Bonne, Blue, Caillou, De Large, and others, and strangling the lumber industry to death. It was resolved to abandon these bayous already invaded by the hyacinth, as it would cost too much to get rid of it, and to try to preserve those still free from it by means of booms or obstructions thrown across the stream. The news now is that all the efforts made to stop the spread of the pest have failed. It has invaded Grand Lake, forty miles long and from two to ten broad, considerably larger than Lake George, and threatens to convert it into a meadow—a score of purple islands composed of water-hyacinths floating on its bosom and being wafted from one side to the other. Even the mighty Atchafalaya, the largest river in Louisiana after the Mississippi, one-third the volume of that stream, and with a velocity of four or five miles an hour, is dotted with hyacinth islands. So far no means of getting rid of the pest has been found. The hyacinth disappears with cold weather, and occasionally, without any apparent reason, the bulbs sink to the bottom of the stream; but whenever it does so it always comes to the surface of the water next season worse than ever. There are some 4500 square miles of lakes and waterways in Louisiana, and if they are all given over to water-hyacinths the latter will be a great public nuisance, as these "water-lilies," as the general public calls them, are very "odoriferous" at times.

N. W.

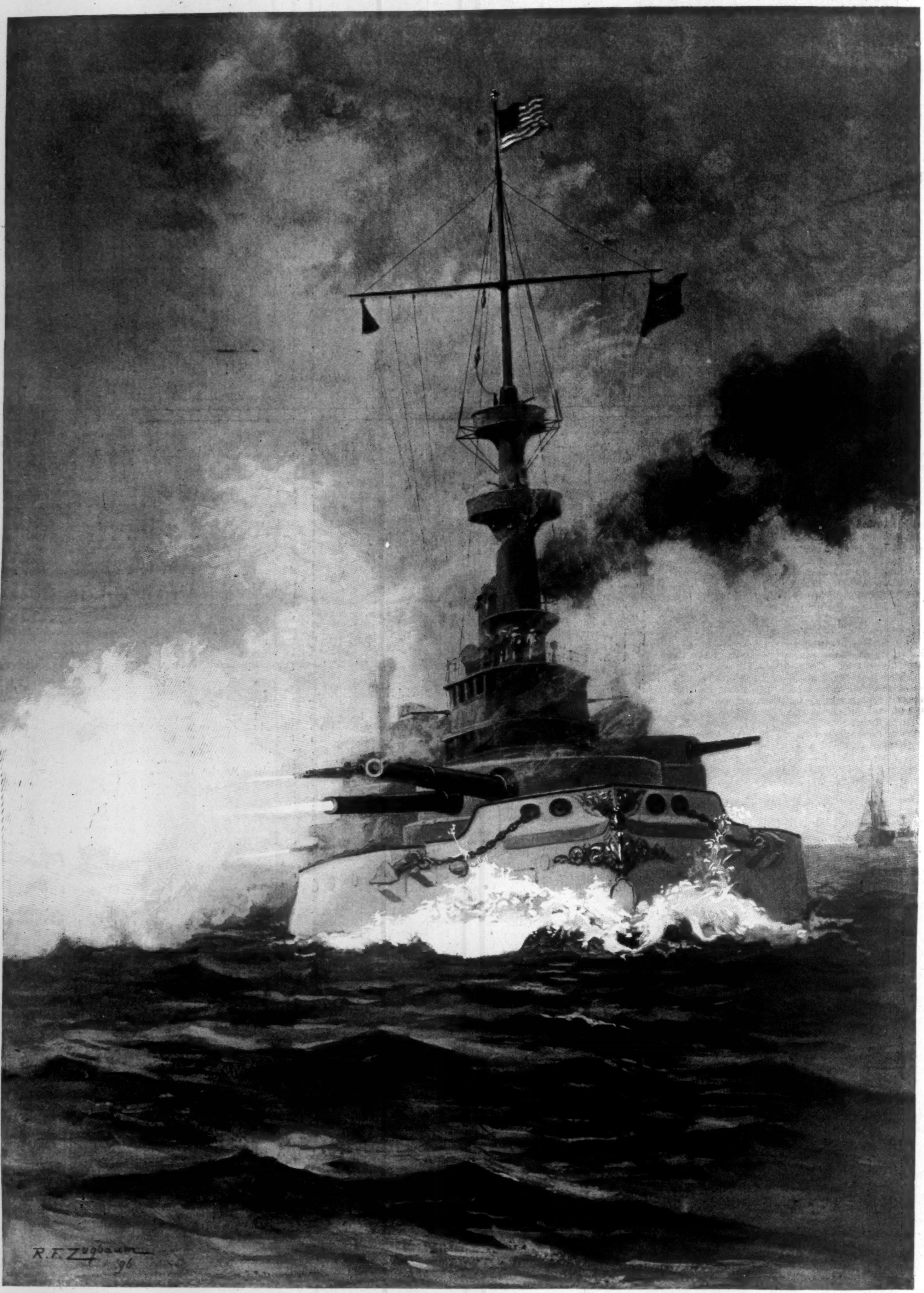
### SAN FRANCISCO.

The Bohemian Club celebrated this year its out-door festival in the shadow of the great redwoods near Guerneville, in Sonoma County. By the aid of lanterns and red-fire the mystic revels were made very impressive. The club, however, has never equalled the great celebration given several years ago after the Japanese manner. A huge painting of the great wooden Buddha was erected at one end of the grove, and when illuminated at night it bore a startling resemblance to the Japanese shrine. All the exercises had an Oriental flavor, and the celebration was unique as well as highly artistic. It was at a dinner given in his honor that Sir Edwin Arnold said he had discovered that bohemia had a sea-coast.

California first gained world-wide fame by the richness of its placer gold-mines, which offered fortunes to poor men, who would never have been able to develop the quartz and hydraulic mines that now yield most of the millions in gold that the State annually produces. After about ten years of enormous output of the precious metal the placer claims began to show signs that they were worked out, and many who had labored in them turned their attention to the growing of wheat. The rich valley lands yielded immense crops, and California wheat became as well known as California gold. Another decade saw the profits of wheat so reduced that thousands of farmers converted their wheat-fields into orchards and vineyards. The horticultural period has lasted for about fifteen years, but the signs now show that a revival of mining may be expected in the near future. Last year 1661 mines in California were worked regularly, and these employed 9404 men. This year the increase has been very great, as 2411 mines are in operation, employing 18,410 men. It will thus be seen that the number of men employed is nearly double that of last year. Much of this growth is due to the use of new processes in the reduction of low-grade ores. Only a few years ago no ore which assayed less than $10 a ton could be worked with profit; now $4 ore may be made to pay if water-power is near and abundant. Electricity gives the greatest aid to the miner, for it permits him to carry power over mountain cañons and to work mines which were formerly inaccessible.

Fifteen years ago Californians were clamoring for the removal of the Chinese. Extremists who followed the lead of Denis Kearney wanted all the Mongolians loaded on steamers and shipped back to Hong-kong. Time and the restriction law have solved the Chinese problem, so that now there are not more than 25,000 Chinese in California, and those who remain demand and receive the same wages as white men. One of the most curious features of San Francisco life is the rapid decline of Chinatown. A few years ago its wholesale merchants did a large business; its restaurants and theatres were crowded until after midnight. Now its old-time resorts look like banquet-halls deserted, and half its stores are closed. Streets which were once gay with lanterns and vocal with the piercing note of the one-string fiddle and the clash of the cymbals are now dark and silent. As a show-place the Chinese quarter has suffered, and now the guide who escorts the tourist through the narrow alleys must draw on his memory for pictures of bygone gayety.

G. H. F.



NAVAL MANŒUVRES ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC STATION.

AT TARGET PRACTICE—THE BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA" IN ACTION.—Drawn by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.

# A WAR CORRESPONDENT IN CUBA.

### BY THOMAS ROBINSON DAWLEY, JR.

WHILE the news of the nomination of General Valeriano Weyler as Captain-General of Cuba was received in this country with howls and hisses, it was received in Spain with shouts and acclamations. His entry into Havana was attended with blowing of bugles and flaunting of red and yellow cotton. There was not a subject loyal to Spain who did not say, "Now that General Weyler has come, this insurrection of discontented blacks and indolent white men will soon end." There was fairly a revival of business, and the shopkeepers looked in a better humor at the prospect of once more opening their doors to extravagant purchasers. So far as Cuba was concerned, Weyler came clothed with all the power monarch ever held. He would rule with an iron hand—his word was law, and he must be obeyed. So it was said!

In the United States it was claimed that Weyler had learned the art of cruel warfare under a most cruel master, Valmaseda, who earned the title of "Butcher" in the last war. Many persons believed that Captain-General Weyler would follow in the footsteps of his former cruel leader, and hence the outcry against him.

I went to Cuba entirely ignorant of the state of affairs in that fair island, and I was inclined to believe in the Spanish side of the insurrection. I thought that Spain knew who her best generals were, and that in sending Weyler she had sent her best.

It had been represented that the uprising was an invasion from the United States of various adventurers, who, landing on the east coast of Cuba, had stirred up the negroes to follow in the footsteps of their cousins on the island across the way, drive out the whites, and establish another black republic, and that their methods were those of so many scattered bands of brigands.

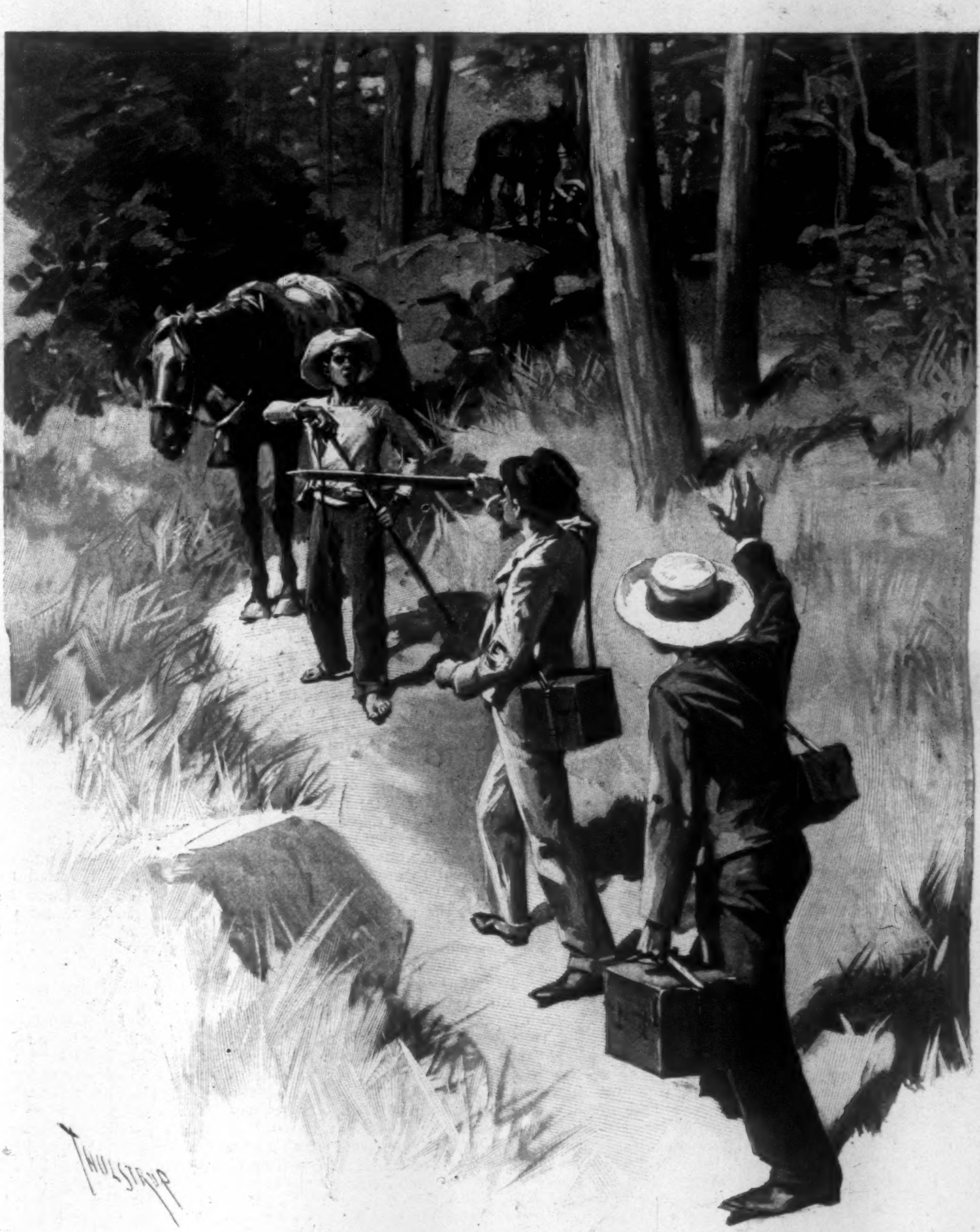
The Captain-General and I disembarked in the island about the same time, thus giving me an opportunity to study his methods of warfare from the beginning. I went to write history while Weyler went to make it, and we started our respective work within two days of each other.

The first thing that General Weyler did, after taking possession of his apartments in the palace at Havana, was to tell what he was going to do—to establish a news bureau for the purpose of editing his own war news, and then to surround insurgents on a big map of Cuba with little red-headed pins. Weyler at once became "the editor-in-chief of Cuban war news. So jealously did he regard this position that in his first "royal" decree he put a check on correspondents by rescinding the passes granted them by his predecessor, and refusing to grant any new ones, always pointing to his news bureau as the proper place to get war news. Weyler complained that Martinez Campos had left his armies in a terrible state of disorganization, and it was going to take all his time for the present to reorganize them. He told the photographer about it, and he told his clerks, and then he appointed a general meeting of all newspaper correspondents and told them. He appointed a certain time on a certain day of each week when these correspondents could interview him *ad libitum*, and he would tell them what he was going to do.

Weyler soon found it a difficult task to keep ahead of American newspaper correspondents, who could remain at the Hotel Inglaterra, live off the fat of the land, and turn out more news in two hours than he could turn out with all his clerks in twenty-four—a more difficult task even than to surround his little black-headed insurgents with red-headed pins on the big map of Cuba.

After a short stay at the Hotel Inglaterra, I moved to more humble quarters—a Spanish boarding-house, occupied chiefly by Spanish officers. Here I learned more in one week than I might have learned in a month at the Inglaterra.

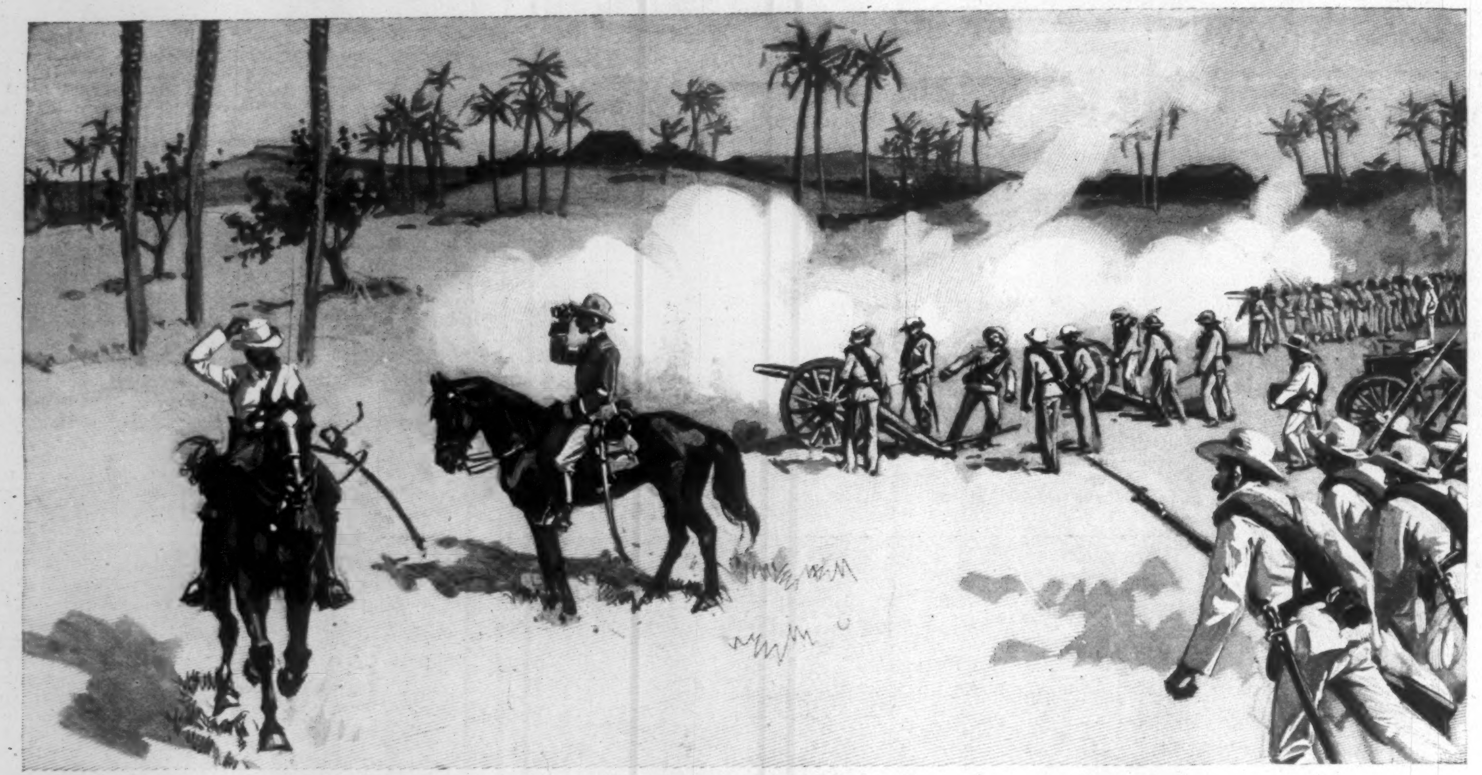
In my Spanish boarding-house the war assumed a different phase, and when a friendly officer told me seriously that he had only been in one severe battle since his arrival in Cuba, and that the fight lasted six hours, and that during all those six hours of fighting his column had only two men wounded—one by falling off his horse, and the other by a spent bullet—and that he hadn't seen a single one of the enemy, I began to think that such fighting must be far ahead (as an extravaganza) of any of the revolutions I had ever experienced in Central America. Naturally I determined upon seeing some of this fighting for myself. There was Weyler's decree to steer clear of; but I soon made the discovery that my friends the officers seldom read the papers, and had a very vague idea of the contents of the decrees issued by their Captain-General. One morning, as an experiment, I followed one of the Havana streets into the country, and returned in time for breakfast, without being molested in any way, although an American at the Inglaterra had been arrested for doing the same thing. Then I met a young native who agreed to accompany me outside of the capital, and I engaged his services to keep a lookout for an interesting scene of action. He notified me of the sacking and burning of Jaruco, and we made an attempt to go there. We got as far as Regla, where we found that the engineer of the train had resigned his commission, on the plea that he preferred starvation to being blown up with dynamite. I used my camera to advantage at Regla, and made the discovery that to all intents and purposes it was about as good a passport as Weyler could have given me himself. Three days later I succeeded in getting to Jaruco, and saw the result of its "heroic defence" by Spanish soldiers, as edited by Weyler in his news bulletins. The result of my observations was to convince me that although Weyler might be considered a very good news editor, he was a very bad historian. I have seen towns struck by earthquakes and not look half as badly as Jaruco looked after Maceo and his rebels got through with it, and yet Weyler, in his history, rechristened it with the elaborate title of "La ciudad de Jaruco muy heroica." There was not enough left of Jaruco to merit even the name of city. Near by I visited the battle-field where, according to Weyler's history, Colonel Hernandez y Ferrera had fought Maceo, pursued him, routed him, and—I have forgotten whether he killed him that time or not. However, the battle-field was interesting. The dead had not been buried. There was one dead horse and half of a roasted dog, which had been unable to escape from the flames of a burning shanty.



MEETING A CUBAN ADVANCE-GUARD IN THE MOUNTAINS.

My next trip was to the peaceful village of Guatao. It was reported that a massacre had been committed there by Spanish soldiers. It was denied by the Spaniards, and I determined to go and investigate for myself. The place was so near Havana that two American correspondents had hired a carriage and driven there the day following the massacre. These two, after they had got the story of the outrage, called a meeting of all the correspondents at Hotel Inglaterra, and generously gave it out to be used by all the papers which had a representative there. The story was published in the New York papers. Dupuy de Lome promptly telegraphed to General Weyler, and Weyler demanded to know who had violated his orders by leaving Havana. The Marquis of Cevera, Alcalde at Marianao, stirred up his clerks, and it was remembered that two correspondents had presented themselves at the office asking for permission to visit Guatao. Then some one said that two Americans had been seen by the villagers of Guatao, and cards bearing the names of Mr. Michelson and Mr. Betancourt were found in the clerk's office at Marianao. Captain-General Weyler was informed, and consequently the Hotel Inglaterra was surrounded by police about two o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Michelson and his interpreter were unceremoniously pulled out of bed, their rooms were searched, and the supposed culprits marched off to police headquarters, and thence to El Morro. But it was soon made evident that the authorities had got hold of the wrong Americans, for neither of the two correspondents had left Marianao after having asked permission. As I had hid myself away from the haunts of enterprising newspaper-correspondents, I was not aware of all these facts; so one morning I took the train for Marianao, and thence slowly sauntered out upon the country road leading to Punta Brava, where it was said the battle had been fought. On the road I passed country-seats at the end of avenues beautifully shaded with tall and stately royal palms, and there were farm-houses nestling in groves of glistening green mangrove-trees, and fields covered with the strange-looking pineapple plant. Suddenly there came dashing around a bend in the road a company of Weyler's mounted troops—the same which had committed the outrage which I was on my way to investigate. A soldier dropped his carbine from its resting-place, and in an instant the thing was levelled at me. The bore looked as big as that of a cannon, and I didn't know but my last hour had come. However, with one eye on that gun-barrel, I squared and saluted the officer in command, as though I was either a military man myself, or else had known the officer all my life. The gun flew back to its place in an instant.

I arrived at Punta Brava, and there I learned that the massacre had occurred about a mile and a half off on a road running to the left. I followed the road till it merged into the village of Guatao. The houses were all there—the church, the stores of the shopkeepers, and the lowly cabins of the poor—nothing had been destroyed but the lives of innocent victims. The place had a deserted appearance; and as I was gazing about me a man rode up with a white cross sewed upon his sleeve. He saluted me, and as he dismounted and tied his horse in the shade near one of the houses, an old man came out and talked with him. As I stepped up to get a better view of the church, they spoke to me, and invited me within to rest. I was given a seat and a cigar, and the old man begged to be excused for the disorderly state of his house. "But you see," said he, "I have sent my family all away, and only I and my boy have come to attend to a little tobacco which it is now time to cut." And as he talked he arranged an alcohol-lamp and lit it, and losing no time in silly invitation, he brewed a pot of fragrant coffee. I had not been in the island long enough readily to distinguish a Spaniard from a Cuban, and the man with the white cross I naturally took for a Spaniard, as he was in the hospital service. But I was soon set at ease on this subject, for the old man rightly guessed that I was an American, and then said he: "We are Cubans. We are alone, and we can talk with frankness." Then I learned the story of how, a few days previous, the company of mounted soldiers came dashing into the quiet village and shot the peaceful villagers down where they stood; and not satisfied with this amount of bloodshed, they sprang from their horses and dragged fathers from their houses and husbands from the arms of their wives, and cruelly shot them in cold blood before the eyes of their screaming women and children. They



SPANISH ARTILLERY FIRING UPON THE RETREATING FORCES OF MACEO AND GOMEZ AT THE BEGINNING OF MACEO'S LAST RAID THROUGH HAVANA PROVINCE.

had shot thirteen of these villagers, and were dragging nineteen more to the slaughter, when their captain rode up and ordered the massacre stopped. Now all the families who had the means had fled from the place as though it had been cursed by a pestilence.

I left the old man's hospitable shelter and wandered through the deserted village streets. I saw gathered together in one corner of the town a group of women and children. They surrounded me as though they recognized in me a benefactor come to their relief, and they told me their sad tales of woe—how their fathers, uncles, and brothers had been dragged from their arms and cruelly murdered before their eyes. They showed me the pools of blood still staining the earth where this one had fallen and that one had gasped his last.

It has been said that Weyler is not responsible for these crimes committed by his subordinates. Then why did not such crimes occur under the rule of Martinez Campos?

Then what did Weyler do after the massacre at Guatao? First he issued one of his war bulletins, stating that the insurgents had been taken between two fires at Guatao, thirteen of them killed and twenty-two taken prisoners. He refused either to admit or to listen to the husbandless wives or fatherless children who came flocking to his palace supplicating justice, and lastly he ordered the arrest and imprisonment of two American citizens who had dared to make an attempt to investigate the reported combat.

What became of the prisoners? They were confined in the Morro two months, while their families were begging for bread. I afterwards spent thirteen days in the same cell occupied by the majority of them, and I found there prisoners who had been their companions during those two months, and they told me that the Guatao prisoners finally made up a purse of twenty centenes (one hundred dollars in Spanish gold), which they gave to the *fiscal*, and thus obtained their liberty.

When Weyler took up the reins so ingloriously dropped by Martinez Campos, Gomez had marched all the way from the extreme east of the island into Havana province. He then gave his best fighting-men to his lieutenant, Antonio Maceo, and sent him to invade the province of Pinar del Rio. The narrowest part of the island is about where Pinar del Rio begins. From Artemisa at the south to Guanajay at the north of this narrow part is an excellent cart-road a dozen miles in length. It was thought an easy matter to fortify this road and to keep Maceo with his rebels down in Pinar del Rio. This was called the Trocha, and when I arrived in Havana it was all the fashion to talk about the Trocha, and to tell how Maceo had got himself into a trap in that small end of the island, from which he could not escape. The Spaniards did not seem to comprehend that this small end of the island embraced a territory of some 8000 square miles—ample room for an army much larger than the one possessed by Antonio Maceo. Although the Trocha scheme did not originate with Captain-General Weyler, he seems to have thought it a very good thing, for he put his red-headed pins along the line on his map and demonstrated conclusively to his friends that the black-headed ones could not pass them. Then he put some more pins down in Pinar del Rio to surround Maceo, and then he sent out his war news announcing that Maceo was hemmed in and could not escape. But he woke up one morning to look over his latest despatches, and discovered that Maceo was missing from that part of the map where he had placed the black-headed pins.

An American correspondent who called to interview Weyler that day found him in the greatest confusion. Evidently Maceo had got through where he had failed to put enough red pins. Two or three days later Maceo was discovered some thirty miles to the east of the Trocha. How did he get through the Trocha? Spaniards never ask questions they cannot answer themselves. Maceo did not get through the Trocha at all—he went around it. Then he circled around Havana, sacking and burning a number of towns, during which time General Weyler was kept busy issuing war bulletins, in which appeared a profusion of "heroic defences" and "the flight of rebels before the valor of Spanish arms." Then came the news that Maceo had fled into Matanzas province, and the Havana people drew a breath of relief, for now the war would certainly be confined to the east.

Then followed two weeks of quiet. Maceo had joined Gomez, and according to Weyler's bulletins they were still fleeing across Matanzas towards the east. General Pando, military governor in the east, sent word that he was anxiously awaiting the flight of "these rebellious hordes" into his jurisdiction, "burning with the desire" to exterminate them, or at least to drive them into the mountain fastness where they could no longer do harm. Then General Weyler issued his proclamation, announcing that the rebels had all been driven out of Pinar del Rio, with the exception of a few scattered bands of bandits.

On the evening of Saturday, March 14, I joined the American correspondents in the café of the Hotel Inglaterra. News was coming in warm and exciting. Maceo was again in the province of Havana. The light from burning plantations could be seen a short distance from the city. Batabano, to the south of Havana, was being sacked and burned. This was all underground or unofficial news. Our party did not break up till a late hour that night, or rather an early hour the next morning. An enterprising correspondent, desiring to get the news to his paper, hurriedly prepared a despatch and took it to the palace to get the censor's approval, as required before it could be transmitted by cable. The censor looked very wise, and as he read the news of the burning and sacking of Batabano, his wisdom turned to anger. He accused American correspondents of being liars in general, and with his red pencil crossed out the news, leaving the correspondent with but a few empty phrases, which he was at liberty to cable. Two days later Weyler's news bureau published, in a mild way, this same news.

This is what really happened: Maceo had been encamped with his commander-in-chief, Maximo Gomez, unmolested in the province of Matanzas. Gomez decided that Maceo should return with 10,000 men to Pinar del Rio, and operate in that province until the Spaniards should give up the island or he should give further orders, thus proving to the world conclusively that the rebels had not been driven out, and that Weyler was powerless to drive them out. Maceo's army was called the invading army of the west. Gomez accompanied him into Havana province, and then returned. According to Weyler's news bureau, the Spanish column met the invading army near Los Palos and defeated it, killing seventy horses left on the field, and, according to blood stains and old hats, must have killed a great many rebels also. The rebels had fled precipitately, and this was counted a victory for the Spaniards. But these rebels, instead of fleeing back to Matanzas, fled forward across Havana, applying the torch, as they fled, to plantations, towns, and cities. So fast did they continue their precipitate flight that they left the Spanish army 'way behind, and only the lurid glare of burning towns and plantations designated their whereabouts.

On the 14th of March Maceo sacked and burned the city of Batabano, on the 15th he crossed the Trocha, which had been abandoned, and on the 16th was laying siege to Candelaria, in Pinar del Rio. Again Weyler's bulletins announced a victory and Maceo's flight, as he continued to burn and devastate the country about him.

And what did Gomez do? He continued his march eastward into the province of Las Villas, where General Pando had been awaiting the rebel hordes, "burning" with the desire to meet them. Gomez's army consisted of a few thousand men, the half of them poorly armed, and a thousand with no arms at all. There was but one battle fought, and this was when two Spanish columns met near Esperaza, and each supposing the other to be the command of Gomez, fought for twenty minutes before the mistake was discovered. This battle was cited as an example of Spanish valor. Pando, in a rage, rode into Santa Clara and ordered the arrest of twenty-odd Cubans, representatives of the best families, and threw them into jail. Weyler ordered him to Havana, and thence home to Spain. Pando gave a farewell address to his army, in which he told them that they were the heroes who had climbed the frigid heights of the Andes, and had carried Spain's civilization and Christianity into the New World. Then he went to Havana and quarrelled with Weyler, and the Captain-General agreed to a truce, allowing Pando to resume his command and then ask for a leave of absence. Weyler published another chapter of his history: Maximo Gomez was dead, and Antonio Maceo was entrapped on the other side of the Trocha, which this time was to be as impregnable as the ancient wall of China.

My part of this history I learned in my wanderings across Matanzas province into Las Villas, as far east as Santa Clara. Weyler learned his part of it by remaining in his palace and moving his red-headed pins, either in accordance with the heliographic reports of his officers in the field, or his own plans to surround the enemy whenever he could locate him on his map.

Just after my release from Morro Castle I was asked by a Spanish officer why we Americans did not write up the atrocities committed by the insurgents as well as those committed by the Spaniards. I replied by asking how could "we Americans" be expected to tell what the insurgents did so long as we were prohibited from going into the field and learning for ourselves. Then he accused me of having gone into the field. It was not necessary for me to confess the fact, nevertheless I did go into the field.

That is what I went to Cuba for. I not only went into the field, but through the Spanish lines into the insurgent camps, and I failed to find any evidence of atrocities committed by them to equal those committed by the Spaniards. I found plenty of hasty executions, but no evidence of their ever having wilfully tortured or mutilated a victim. As these Cubans are of pure Spanish blood, with the exception of the negro element, it hardly seems reasonable that this should be so. I have even asked them how they accounted for it, that they did not have the same bloodthirsty tendencies as their Spanish progenitors, and they have replied with a smile that it was owing to having been born under the shadow of the American flag. Their executions, as I have said, have often been hasty, but they invariably consist of hanging their man to a tree by the neck, and they frequently leave with the body a paper stating why he had been hanged.

When the insurrection began there immediately sprang up all over the island innumerable bands, mostly negroes, who went about the country robbing, murdering, and violating. Many had started out as camp-followers, but soon found it an easy matter to plunder the unsuspecting country people. Many of the outrages committed by them were laid upon the insurgents by their Spanish enemies.

Under Spanish rule the island of Cuba never had been entirely free from brigands or banditti, but the insurgents have already shown their capacity for governing by having systematically eliminated from the island all of these various and numerous bands of robbers and murderers which came into existence at the beginning of the war. They issued passes to their own people who were required to travel in the island, and any one met on the road not having one of their passes, and being unable to give a clear account of himself, was strung up to the nearest *guasima;* and thus a new word has appeared in the Cuban glossary, namely, *guasimar*, to hang one by the neck to a *guasima*-tree—a tree that grows very abundantly in the island.

When Campos governed the island he issued passes, but I knew it would be worse than useless for me to apply to Weyler for a pass. The only pass I obtained while I was in the island was the one I obtained from the rebels, and which I still cherish. I prized this pass so highly that I refused to destroy it when I was arrested in Artemisa, and I took the risk of carrying it secreted on my person with other rebel documents, and although I was searched three times by Spanish officers, I carried the papers with me to El Morro, and brought them safely away again.

Just before my final arrest I considered that I had had extremely good luck. I had done about everything that Weyler had objected to, even to going out in the field with the Spanish soldiers, and getting a comprehensive idea of the way they did their fighting. I had been fired at by the insurgents, and was convinced that their marksmanship was no better than that of the Spaniards. I had been arrested a number of times, and had played a number of successful tricks upon my persecutors, so that when I finally turned up in Havana, about the 1st of May, I was feeling in an extremely good humor, and that is why, I suppose, Mr. Creelman, the hero of Port Arthur, gave me the name of Mark Tapley. There had been nothing in the way of war news to excite the ingenuity of the correspondents for some time. Maximo Gomez was dead, Maceo was still being pursued or starved to death in Pinar del Rio, and Weyler was holding the Trocha with 30,000 soldiers. There remained nothing for the correspondents to do but to write about the impregnability of the Trocha, Maceo's plans of attack, and the conditions of his army, which no one ever saw, and the future great battle which must certainly come off very soon.

This was how I found Havana, when I received a letter from the editor of the WEEKLY signifying a desire to have me investigate the Trocha and the condition of Maceo's men, who were reported to be naked and starving. Before leaving Havana I tried to get all the information possible concerning it, and was told that it was the most wonderful military line ever invented; and from the descriptions I received I concluded it must be, and since I have seen it I still think so. I was told that it consisted of forts built across the island, at a distance of 500 yards from each other, all with telephonic or telegraphic communication; that there was a continuous ditch nine feet deep and as many feet wide; that the whole thing was lit up at night by electricity; and then that there were intricate meshes of barbed wire hidden somewhere to trip up and damage the insurgent cavalry. The most preposterous of all these descriptions was an account of a certain cabbage-field with growing cabbages, and each cabbage loaded with a dynamite bomb, which, by some cunning arrangement, was going to explode at the passing of the rebels.

I approached this wonderful Trocha with fear and trembling. The train drew up to the station at Artemisa, and I crawled into a rickety carriage, its top tumbling all over the seat, and whispered to the driver to drive me to a hotel.

It was hot and dusty, and everything was covered with red earth. The houses were red, the horses were red, and even the soldiers were red; and there were a lot of them, too. They lay in the streets, their camp-fires burned in the streets, and they sweltered in the streets. I was given a room with six beds in it, and no room for anything but the beds. I protested that I could use but one of the beds, but mine host said there would probably be other weary travellers by nightfall, who would be glad to occupy the others. Thus I made my entry into Artemisa, and got my first glimpse of the Trocha. I was very shy all the afternoon, as I kept a careful watch for the man with the green tassels, for I knew him to be my worst persecutor in my whole Cuban campaign. I did not attempt to go anywhere until the next morning, when I sallied out, and of course got arrested. But my arrest, as usual, turned out to my good fortune, for I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Colonel Candido Hernandez y Valasco. Of all the Spanish officers with whom I came in contact, I liked Colonel Hernandez best. He was a man who was well read and knew the history of his own country. He could discuss Irving and Prescott, and thought that Spain should erect a monument to Prescott at least. I used to call on the colonel nearly every afternoon, and we would spend hours enjoying each other's conversation and company. He was a soldier, patriotic, and honest. He fought battles, did not kill his prisoners, nor massacre indefensive country people and report such deeds as victories. He had seen twenty-eight years of service in Cuba, and yet he still wore the galloons of a colonel, while such assassins as Melguizo,* Vicuña, and others had risen to the grade of general under the short administration of Weyler, undoubtedly reaping their reward according to their activity in exterminating the Cubans, as their ancestors had exterminated the aborigines.

I was nominally under arrest in Artemisa, when Mr. Akers of the *London Times* turned up with an order from General Weyler granting him permission to inspect the Trocha—a privilege which Weyler had refused other correspondents. But upon his arrival in Artemisa he was surprised to learn that there was an American correspondent there before him, and that that American carried no other pass than his American passport.

On the 15th of May I left Artemisa for Havana, with my pockets full of photographs of Weyler's Trocha. On that morning there were stories afloat of an attack on Candelaria, and as I was writing a letter, I told of the artillery dashing by, the marching infantry, and the distant boom of cannon. And what was it all about? A column had gone out from Artemisa. Near a place called Las Mangas a native guide pointed out to the commanding officer a *manigua* (a wooded spot), where he said the insurgents camped. Then the artillery was ordered up and planted on a small ridge, and a fire was opened upon the innocent *manigua*. A negro living near the place, and hearing the racket, dashed out of his house, and of course was shot. A battle was reported—insurgent losses one, Spanish losses none.

As I had not finished my work in Pinar del Rio, I returned to Artemisa, *vià* Guanajay. Upon my arrival in Guanajay I found that I had tumbled into a very dangerous locality, and was liable to be arrested again. I remained only overnight, and the next day engaged a carriage to take me along the Trocha to Artemisa. Of course I knew I ought to have a pass from the government, but in view of the impossibility of obtaining one, I wasted no time in that direction. I simply invited a chance acquaintance, who was going to Artemisa and had procured a pass, to sit by my side in the carriage which I engaged. He appeared flattered and pleased, accepted my invitation, and I placed him next the carriage door. The driver whipped up his horses, dashed down the street and out at the entrance of the town, where I saw a *guardia civil* preparing to stop us. My companion began fishing for his pass, and I threw myself back among the tapestry coverings and flapping curtains of the rickety old vehicle. I watched the guard from the corner of my nearly closed eyelids as he fumbled with my friend's pass. As the guard handed the pass back he looked in at me as though he was in doubt whether to disturb me or not, but my friend put his mind at ease by holding up two fingers, signifying, I suppose, that the one pass covered two. So our jehu was allowed to drive on, and I breathed a sigh of relief. Then I inspected the upper end of Weyler's famous Trocha. I wondered why Weyler hadn't established a similar cordon around the whole island. He could then have declared that he had all of the insurgents entrapped in the island, and that they couldn't get away. The road was a splendid one. I suppose that is what Mr. Akers meant when he said in his letter to the *Times* that "for the purpose for which it was constructed it was an excellent piece of work." The road was being kept very clean, soldiers sweeping it constantly with bundles of bushes. As for fortifications, I didn't see anything that resembled any. In some places there was a great amount of barbed wire wasted. In other places log fences or stone walls, and now and then a palm-leaf-thatched shanty, called by courtesy a "fort." If there were 30,000 soldiers stationed on that line, I failed to see indications of them. Once in a while a fellow with a gun would straggle out from one of the shanties, the coach would stop, and I would sink back in my corner, while my friend would hand out his pass, hold up his two fingers, get his pass back, and we would drive on.

I was again in Artemisa. Scarcely a night passed but insurgent bullets were whistling over our heads, and the Mausers of the Spaniards were barking back and sending their charges among the leaves of the palm-trees. One night there was a furious waste of powder and ball. The insurgents pretended to attack the town from the south. Their bullets rained into the plaza, lodged in the church walls, and even carried away a Spaniard's toe. General Arolas swore by an extra number of saints that he would hold the plaza or die in the attempt. His artillery boomed upon the midnight air, as his infantrymen lay behind the breastworks, and Maceo's commission of a dozen men marched quietly across the Trocha to the north on their way to confer with Maximo Gomez. And this is what Weyler called in his history great consternation in the insurgent ranks.

I had one more mission to fulfil—I wanted to see the condition of Maceo and his men. I knew it was a delicate task, and I realized all the responsibilities I was incurring in attempting it. But it must be done. It took me several days to dodge around the fortified towns held by the Spanish, while I made myself familiar with the defences and accustomed a new set of soldiers to seeing me. I had done all this, and had one more fort to pass. I had two cameras, four dozen dry plates, and a tripod. To help me carry these I picked up a man on the road. Poor fellow! He was innocent enough to be beguiled into becoming my assistant. We reached the fort and were challenged. I promptly swung my larger camera at the officer in command, and told him I wanted to take his picture to send to Madrid. As he was anxious to go to Madrid himself, he jumped at the proposition. So I photographed him and his soldiers, and somehow I got the fort (which was a prohibited subject) upon the plate too. Then he dragged out a goat which he also wanted photographed. I hated to waste a plate on a goat, but I could not afford to disoblige the officer.

After I had got a focus on the goat, I told my assistant to pick up his share of the outfit and come on. The officer asked us where we were going, and I replied that we were going to get evidence of the destruction done by the bandit Maceo and his horde of cutthroats and incendiaries, just to let my people know what kind of brigands they were. I left the officer looking after us in a perplexed way, while the goat, which seemed to know more than its master, winked one eye at me as it scratched its chin whiskers. My assistant—we will call him Manuel, although at the time I didn't know his name—wished me to photograph the house of his uncle. I let him think that was just what I wanted to do. So we went about a mile from the fort; and then, as I looked up at the mountains extending along to the north of us, I knew that I was safe beyond the Spanish lines. We sat under a mango-tree and ate mangoes, and Manuel related to me how the insurgents had hanged his godfather. Concluding that I couldn't allow Manuel to go back alone to the Spanish lines, where he would be almost certain to betray me, I decided to keep him with me as a sort of hostage, as well as an assistant to carry my boxes, so I told him to come along. We walked a long way through the burned and desolate country, and then Manuel wanted to know where we were going. I pointed to the mountains as I answered him. He stopped and turned pale.

"That's where the rebels are!" said he.

"I know it, and that's where we are going."

"They hanged my godfather!"

"And they'll hang you too if you do not obey orders and come along."

"Why do you talk to me that way? Don't you know that I could deliver you to the authorities in San Cristobal, and—"

"Don't you know why the rebels have not destroyed San Cristobal? Because they haven't wanted to! You are a Cuban! You are aware how Cubans are treated when they do not remain faithful to their country's cause. If you do not want to be hanged as a traitor, do as I say—show me the road to the rebel camp."

"But I do not know where their camp is," protested Manuel.

"It is up there in the mountains."

"The rebels may hang us! You know, they hanged my godfather!"

"I will respond for that. They will not hang you."

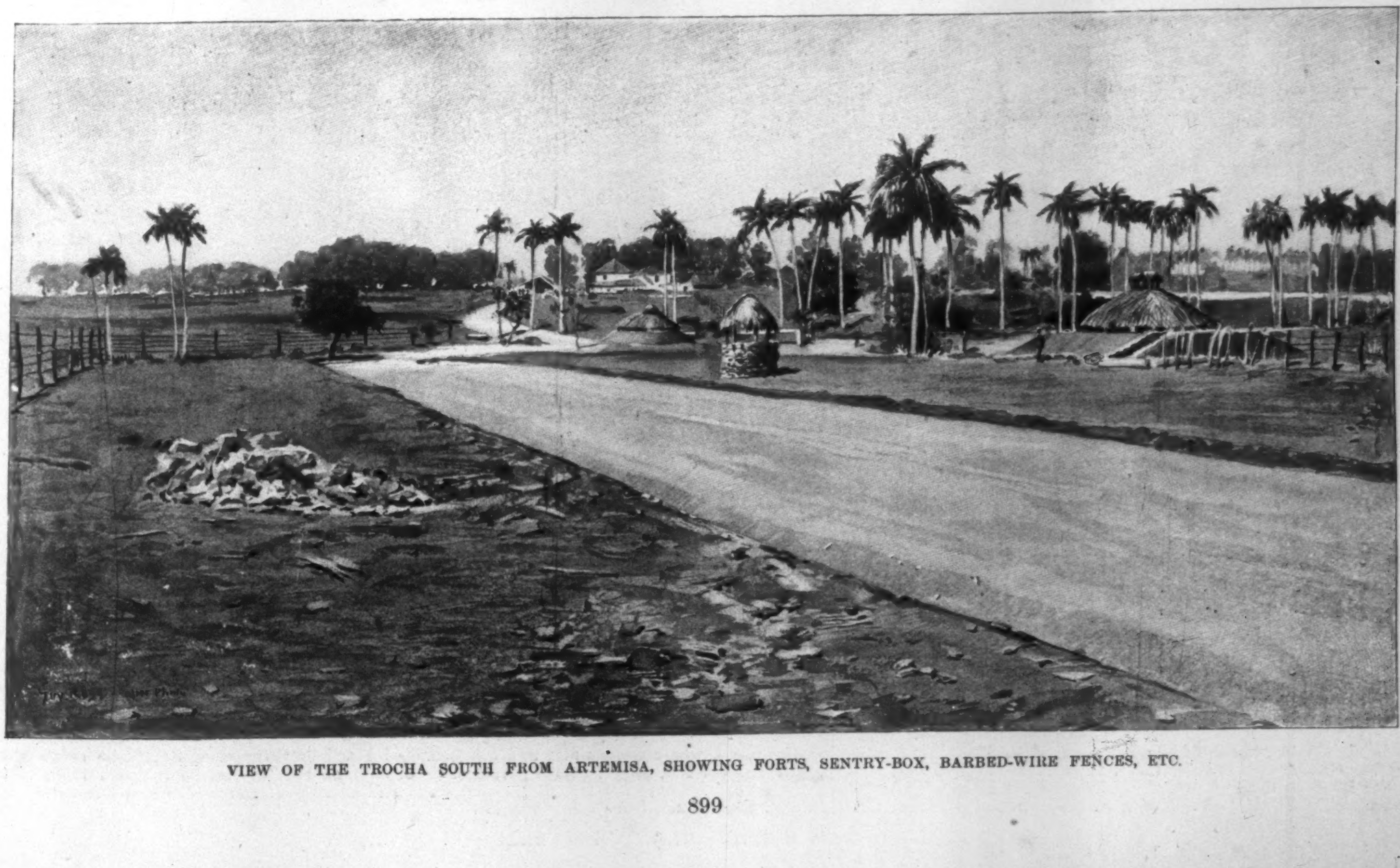
"Have you the password and countersign?"

"Certainly!"

"Suppose we should meet a Spanish column?"

"I know where the columns are, and do not propose to meet them."

And then I convinced Manuel that he would better live



VIEW OF THE TROCHA SOUTH FROM ARTEMISA, SHOWING FORTS, SENTRY-BOX, BARBED-WIRE FENCES, ETC.

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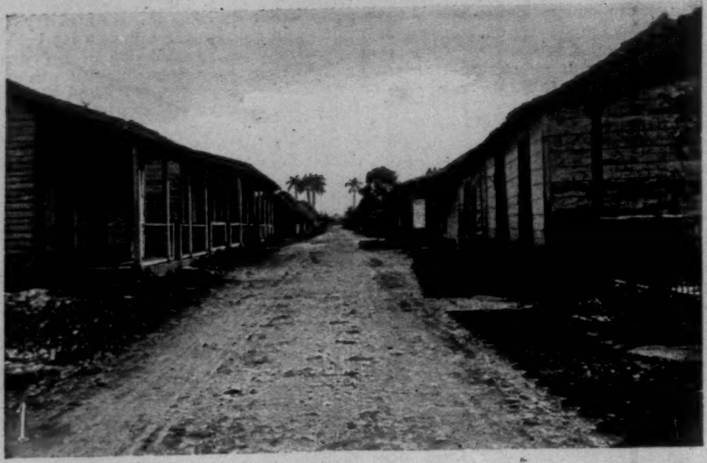
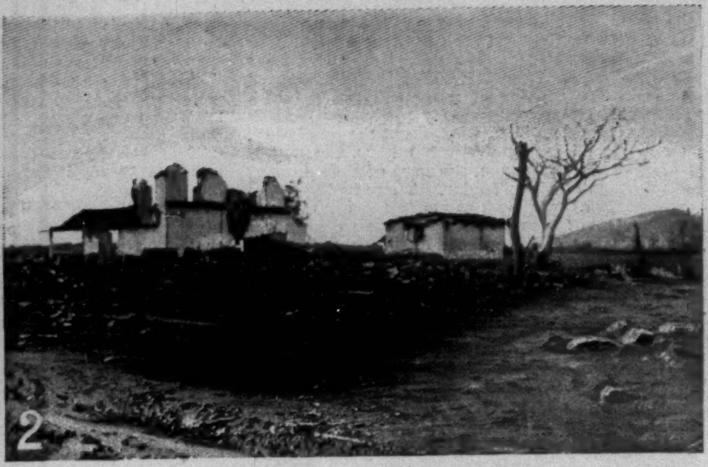
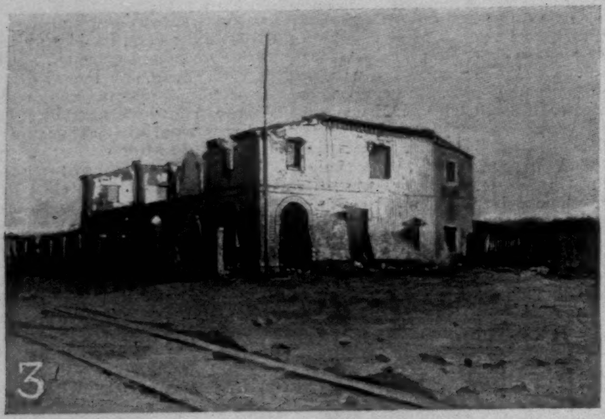
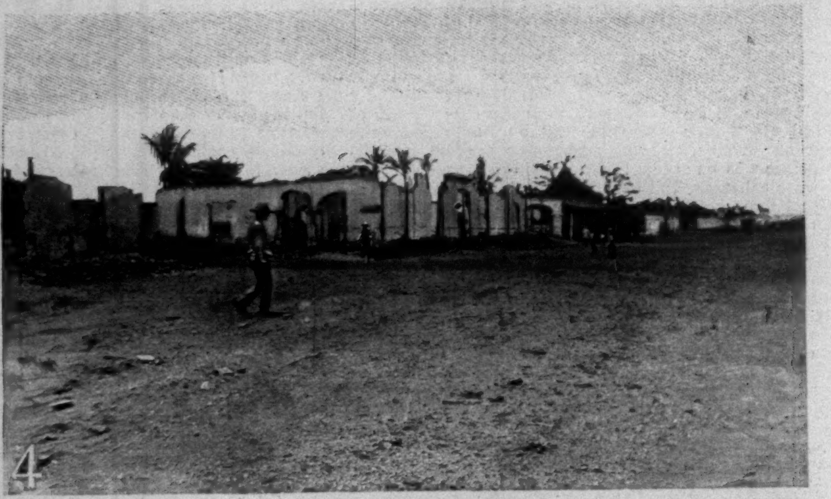
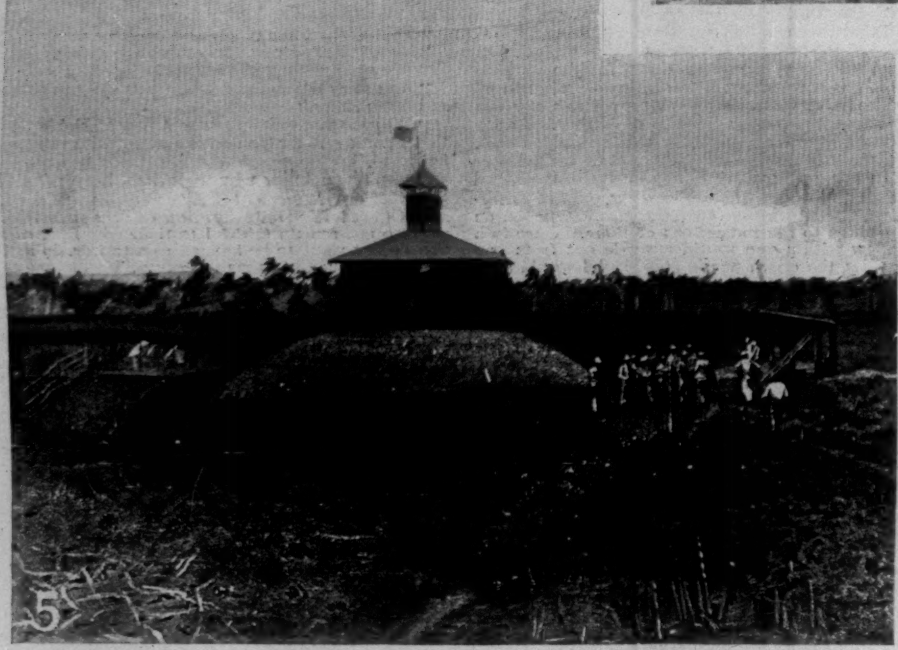
* Melguizo has announced in public that the only way to preserve the island to Spain would be to kill all the Cuban inhabitants, and that the pacificos did more to favor the rebellion than the armed insurgents. I have heard other officers make this same statement.

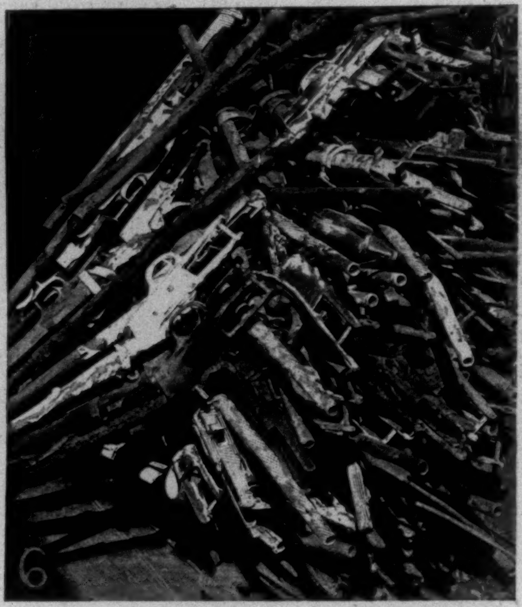


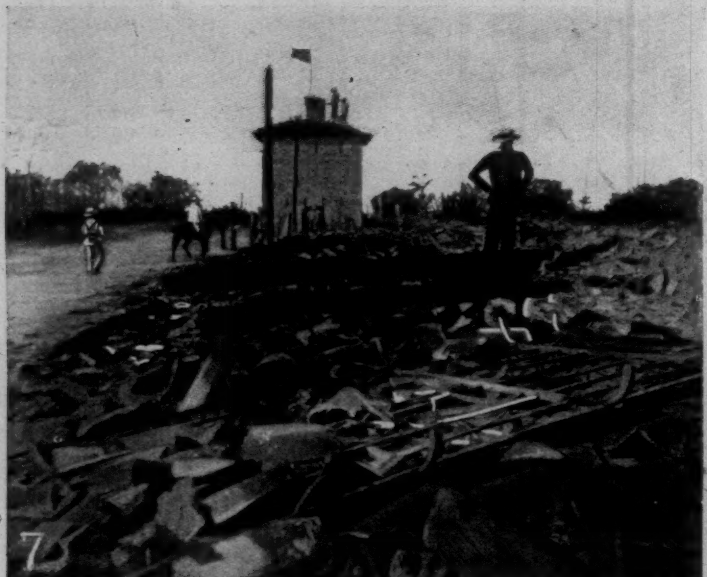


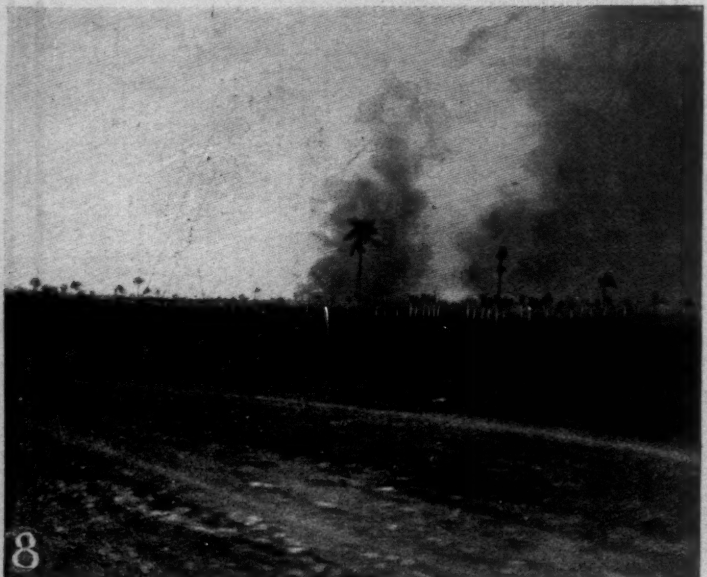






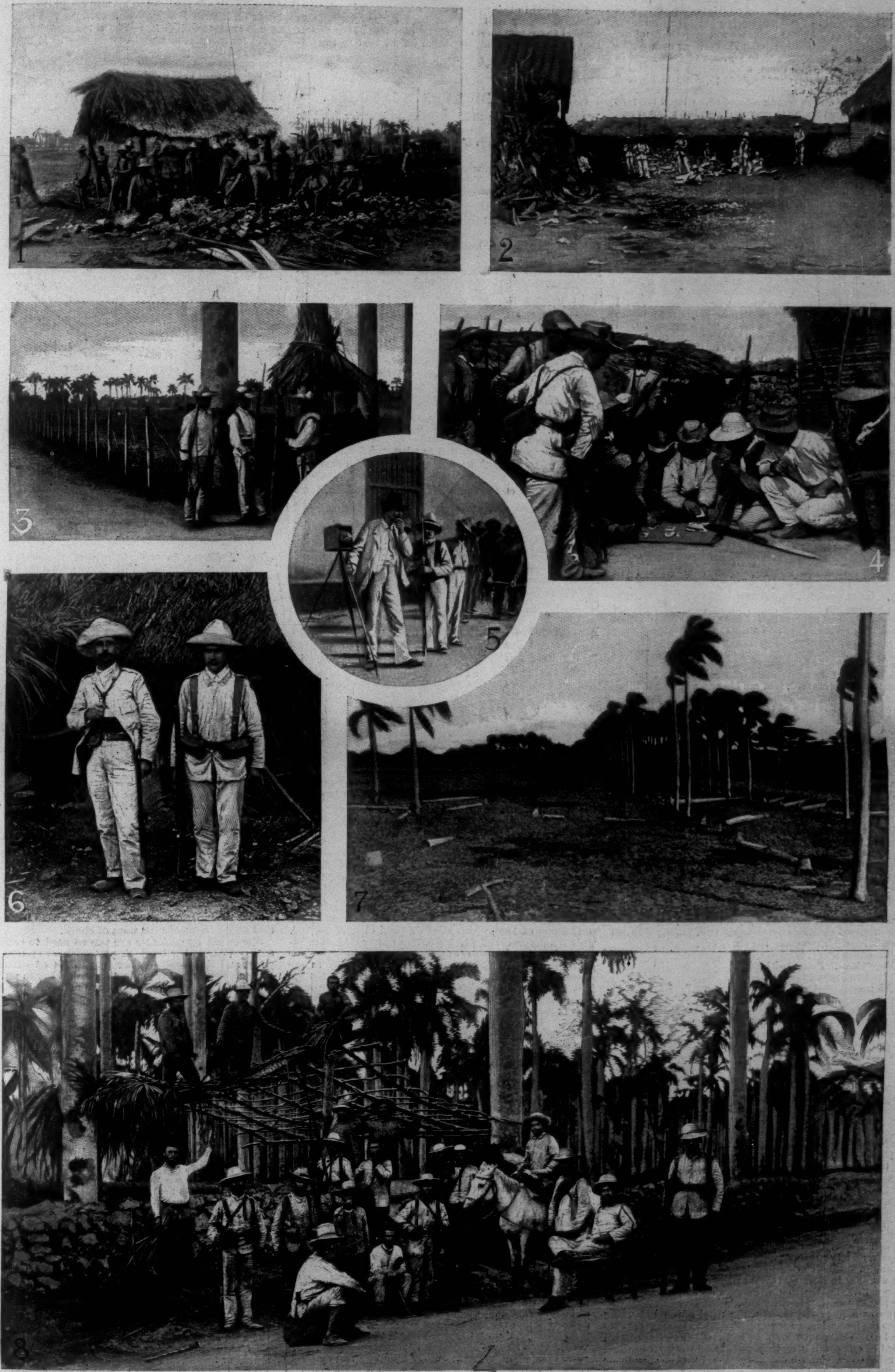






1. Guatao, Scene of the Massacre of Pacificos. 2. Remains of Coliseo, where Gomez met and outgeneralled Martinez Campos. 3. A Part of Coliseo after Gomez met Campos there. 4. Ruins of Palacios, a Town in Pinar del Rio, after Maceo's Invasion. 5. Spanish Fort protecting Railroad Bridge on the Road to Santa Clara. 6. Arms taken from a Train burned by Insurgents between San Felipe and Pozo Redondo. 7. Ruined Town protected by a Spanish Fort. 8. View of a burning Sugar Plantation, Central Santa Rosa, taken from a Car Window.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT IN CUBA.



1. Remodelling a Fort on the Trocha. 2. One of the Breastworks for the Defence of Artemisa. 3. Relieving a Sentinel on the Trocha—showing Wire Fence and Sentry-Box. 4. An Hour's Diversion behind the Breastworks. 5. Mr. Dawley at Work on the Trocha. 6. Defenders of the Trocha. 7. View from the Trocha showing Woods from which the Insurgents fired at Night to keep the Sentries awake. 8. Fort-Builders on the Trocha—posing for "the Man with the little black Box."

A WAR CORRESPONDENT IN CUBA.

that day on mangoes, and be my faithful servant, than to run a certain risk of eventually being hanged as a traitor to his country's cause. At times we followed the smoking trail of Muñoz's column; we doubled on our own tracks to fall in with what I took to be a group of insurgents in the distance, only to find them, whoever they were, fleeing before us; we hid in deserted cabins to avoid being seen by others, and again we were puzzled by seeing columns of smoke rising on the wrong side of us. Once I thought I detected Manuel trying to play me false, but a few quick words sufficed to warn him that I could not be led astray even in a land apparently unknown to me. We walked for miles through a country bearing the stamp of destruction, desolation, and death upon its face. Black patches and smouldering embers designated former homes. Bleaching bones and putrid carcasses were all that remained of former animal life. And we walked on, and it rained; and as we approached the mountains we began to see signs of human beings. Manuel discovered some acquaintances, and in whispers inquired after the insurgents. They vowed that there had been no insurgents in their neighborhood for weeks. Manuel tried to induce me to give up and to go back, for everybody insisted that the insurgents were all gone. I persisted in pointing to the mountains and saying we would go ahead. We entered a narrow lane, full of mud and water, and it rained harder, and Manuel said the water was dangerous; and I consoled him by saying it was preferable to drown rather than to be hanged. Then we met a *guajiro* mounted on a little mule. He had a pair of the brightest brown eyes I have ever seen, and he endeavored to look me through with them. Failing in the attempt, he turned to Manuel. I thought Manuel was going to faint. He held on to my box as his knees seemed to knock together, and he implored the man to remember the time he gave him some medicine to cure his toothache. The man wanted to know where we were going. With half of my wits I could have guessed that he was an insurgent scout, although his only arm was a crooked old machete. I replied that I was looking for the insurgents. He swore that there were no insurgents about there, and that I had better go back.

"Where is Guabanacho?" I asked.

"Up there on the mountain; but the Spaniards drove the insurgents out and destroyed the camp."

"I know that, but the Spaniards didn't know enough to hold the camp, and the insurgents came back again."

Then the *guajiro* turned to Manuel and said something about dangerous times, but if we wanted to we could keep straight ahead. That was all he could say. So Manuel and I waded on through the mud, water, and rain. There was water enough to dampen any one's enthusiasm, but as my companion gasped, "The outposts are ahead of us, and this is where they hanged my godfather," I began to feel the flush of a new excitement. Manuel trembled like an aspen leaf as he continued: "I am afraid! They may hang us both. Let's go back."

"Bravo!" said I. "You hang on to that camera, and keep the water off of it as much as possible."

Then Manuel, like the man who thinks the time has arrived to make his will, told me his name and something of his antecedents.

We stood at the base of the mountain and looked up at it. Max, which I had now learned was Manuel's real name, declared that we were lost, just as I heard steps behind us. I looked to see the little mule with the big *guajiro* coming up.

"I am so glad you have come," said Max. "You will go ahead and tell them we are coming. This man bears an important communication to Maceo."

"Tell them! What shall I tell them?"

"Tell them that one of us is a Cuban and the other is an American."

"Ah, I could have sworn he was an American—one of our friends—we have orders to protect them. Follow my mule's tracks; I will notify the people," and the man started up the mountain.

Max and I climbed and climbed up the narrow rocky trail—up, up the mountain. Max thought the trail was going to lead us to heaven or purgatory—he didn't know which. I had to fairly pull him up. As we came somewhere near the top, I saw a very young face peering over the bushes, and another one, younger still, falling between a horse's legs. Then came the shrill cry,

"Who goes there?"

"Free Cuba!" I shouted back.

"What regiment?" came the cry.

"No regiment at all; only two citizens."

"Advance one!"

I complied with the order, and found myself confronted by a mere boy, with an enormous machete strapped to his side, and a pistol, worth about fifty cents, in his holster. There was the other boy trying to pick himself up from between the horse's legs, where he had tumbled in his fright at seeing two strangers coming up the mountain.

"Who are you?" queried the first boy.

"A friend," said I.

"Are you a Gringo?"

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed I, remembering the name as that applied to Americans in Mexico.

"I have but one life to lose, and that is for my country!" and the next moment the boy's machete was swinging in my direction, and I was on the defensive with my brass-pointed tripod.

"Hold! Hold!" shouted Manuel. "He is an Englishman, and doesn't understand."

"Get out; I am an American!" I exclaimed.

"The Americans are our friends and Gringos are the Spanish," replied the boy.

Then Manuel and I convinced the boy that we were friends, and the boys were about to continue down the mountain on their errand of catching pigs; but Manuel, not wanting to run any further risks of having our heads chopped off, insisted upon the boys accompanying us up the rest of the way to the camp.

It was a picturesque sight, the rebel sentinel standing upon the mountain, with rugged peaks to the right and to the left. The scout whom we had met below had carried word of our coming, and we were met by a joyful throng of rebel officers and soldiers. Manuel was at once made happy by finding that, instead of being hanged, we were welcomed royally. A palm-leaf tent was turned over to our use, while negro cooks prepared us a bountiful repast of sweet-potatoes and fresh pig.

I remained in this camp but two days, and would have remained longer if it had not been for my promise to Manuel to see him safely home, and for fear of dangerous inquiries by the Spaniards which might lead to the discovery of my disappearance.

## THE REPUDICRAT'S QUANDARY.

WAAL, yes, come to think it over, it *is* sorter hard to say,
In this mixed-up mess o' pollytics, where I *do* stan' to-day.
There is Bryan an' there's Sewall, an' there's this here Watson too,
An' a feller with a mor'gage don't know what *is* bes' to do.
Some they 'low thet Bill an' Sewall will reduce the thing by half;
Others says that this here Sewall's jest a-fillin' us with chaff;
Fer they 'low thet he's a banker, an' is hence a plutycrat—
Till a feller with a mor'gage jes don't know where he *is* at.

Yes, I staid with the Republicans fer more'n twenty year,
An' I never had no trouble yet to read my title clear,
Till I got that cussed mor'gage, and the neighbors did the same,
An' Si Simpkins said he reckoned that the Gold-bugs was to blame.
Course we'd mos'ly built new houses, an' indulged in kerridges,
But Si 'lowed we was entitled to whatever Gold-bugs is;
An' he likewise use' to tell us, in a mos' convincin' way,
That the government 'ud fix us with a fiat loan, some day.

So of course we all turned fiat, fer Si said that fiat drew
About one per cent. per annum, with provision to renew—
All of which was gratifyin', an' Si 'lowed 't 'ud break the heart
Of that "party" in the mor'gage that was named as "second part."
Now there's them thet says that Watson hes engaged to see it done
By a-runnin' some new ray show thet they call sixteen to one;
But an hones' man gits puzzled how to vote, an' sorter 'fraid
Thet he'll make some fatal error, an' his mor'gage won't be paid.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

## THE GOLD SUPPLY.

A CHRONIC complaint of the silver advocate and fiat-money philosopher has been, and is, that gold is gradually becoming scarce and elusive, and they argue, if we are to have what money we need, we must draw heavily upon silver or some other cheap or not fully redeemable commodity. No mistake was ever greater; and the latest figures representing the world's current gold production merely emphasize it anew. In 1893 the production of this metal was the greatest in amount ever known for a year's output, being, according to the statistics of the director of the mint, $155,522,000.

We now learn from the same careful authority that even this record-breaking year has been surpassed by the production of 1895, which shows a yield of $203,000,000. This is an increase of $47,500,000, or nearly that, immediately following two years of phenomenal production. The gain in output in this country has been chiefly in the so-called silver States—Colorado, curious to say, though it is known she has rich gold deposits, taking the lead. The mint's figures of the increase in American production is as follows:

| | 1893. | 1895. | Increase. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Colorado........... | $7,527,000 | $13,305,100 | $5,778,100 |
| California.......... | 12,080,000 | 14,928,600 | 2,848,600 |
| Montana........... | 3,576,000 | 4,101,404 | 525,404 |
| Idaho.............. | 1,646,900 | 1,779,600 | 132,700 |

In other American gold-mining localities marked increases are shown in the production of the precious metal, especially in Oregon and in Washington. The total American product for 1893 was $35,955,000, and it is believed that that of 1895 will not fall far short of $47,000,000.

If we now turn to other countries, we find, as we do here, a growing increase in the output of gold. This is most pronouncedly shown in the new Witwatersrand region of South Africa, in Russia, and in Australia. In South Africa the increase month by month and year by year during the past five years is almost unbroken, and it is very great. The value of the Witwatersrand product was $38,000,000 in 1894 and $42,000,000 in 1895.

Australia shows for the past year a production of gold $9,000,000 in excess of 1893, when it was $35,688,600. Russia's excess is $3,000,000 for 1894 over a previous output, in round numbers, of about $25,000,000. In China only is a loss of product reported, and this is owing to the war with Japan. As China's product in 1893 was not quite $8,500,000, the reduction in her mines will not figure sensibly in the world's supply.

Everybody, it would seem, except it be a fiat-money advocate, may learn a lesson from these figures—and even more than one. There has never been any real reason to suppose that gold will not come when it is wanted, and where it is wanted, for the upholding or making of money. It is the one commodity of the world just plentiful enough for the monetary systems of civilized nations, and not so overwhelmingly plentiful as to drop one of them which is based on it with a disastrous thud. As fast as new demands are made upon it, so fast it responds to new processes for its extraction and development. It is this demand and these processes that have brought gold into such prominence again, and there is little danger that, like the dodo, it will ever disappear.

The case with silver, though greatly different, brings also admonition. It refused, to its own detriment, to stand—or its "friends" refused to have it stand—on its own merits, along with the multiplication table and the attraction of gravitation, and so it became the victim of a "cult." The booming of it by this process was only to a temporary good, ending in foreseen disaster. Some of its "friends" are now discovering that this new and rapid increase of gold, concurrently with the decrease of silver, will inevitably do more for the white metal than all the antics of its fanatical worshippers ever could or ever will do.

If these rutilant rhetoricians and propagandists keep their eyes open to the facts a little longer, they may possibly learn, too, that their picturesque nomenclature was false. For there never was, in reality, such an entomological specimen as the so-called "gold-bug." People of sense asked for gold or its full equivalent, not for love or sentiment, but simply because they claimed an honest measure for their wares and just compensation for their services. It was the silver-worshippers who took sentiment and their private ownership of mines for arguments, and who, because they were "silver-beetles," supposed their opponents must of necessity be "gold-bugs."

But history and experience once more are not in vain. They are the true "mills of the gods," which, though they may "grind slowly," bring the healthy nutriment at last.

JOEL BENTON.

## THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

### XXX.

AT dinner, in the absence of the butler, Alan Lynde attacked his sister across the table for letting herself be seen with a jay, who was not only a jay, but a cad, and personally so offensive to most of the college men that he had never got into a decent club or society; he had been suspended the first year, and if he had not had the densest kind of cheek he would never have come back. Lynde said he would like to know where she had picked the fellow up.

She answered that she had picked him up, if that was the phrase he liked, at Mrs. Bevidge's; and then Alan swore a little, so as not to be heard by their aunt, who sat at the head of the table, and looked down its length between them, serenely ignorant, in her slight deafness, of what was going on between them. To her perception Alan was no more vehement than usual, and Bessie no more smilingly self-contained. He said he supposed that it was some more of Lancaster's damned missionary work, then, and he wondered that a gentleman like Morland had ever let Lancaster work such a jay in on him; he had seen her *afficher* herself with the fellow at Morland's tea; he commanded her to stop it; and he professed to speak for her good.

Bessie returned that she knew how strongly he felt from the way he had misbehaved when she introduced him to Mr. Durgin, but that she supposed he had been at the club and his nerves were unstrung. Was that the reason, perhaps, why he could not make his latch-key work? Mr. Durgin might be a cad, and she would not say he was not a jay, but so far he had not sworn at her; and if he had been suspended and come back, there were some people who had not been suspended or come back either, though that might have been for want of cheek.

She ended by declaring she was so used to going into society without her brother's protection, or even his company, and she would do her best to get on without his advice. Or was it his conduct he wished her to profit by?

It had come to the fish going out by this time, and Alan, who had eaten with no appetite, and drunken feverishly of Apollinaris, flung down his napkin and went out too.

"What is the matter?" asked his aunt, looking after him.

Bessie shrugged, but she said, presently, with her lips more than her voice, "I don't think he feels very well."

"Do you think he—"

The girl frowned assent, and the meal went on to its end. Then she and her aunt went into the large, dull library, where they passed the evenings which Bessie did not spend in some social function. These evenings were growing rather more frequent, with her advancing years, for she was now nearly twenty-five, and there were few Seniors so old. She was not the kind of girl to renew her youth with the Sophomores and Freshmen in the classes succeeding the class with which she had danced through college; so far as she kept up the old relation with students, she continued it with the men who had gone into the law-school. But she saw less and less of these without seeing more of other men, and perhaps in the last analysis she was not a favorite. She was allowed to be fascinating, but she was not felt to be flattering, and people would rather be flattered than fascinated. In fact, the men were mostly afraid of her; and it has been observed of girls of this kind that the men who are not afraid of them are such as they would do well to be afraid of. Whether that was quite the case with Bessie Lynde or not, it was certain that she who was always the cleverest girl in the room, and if not the prettiest, then the most effective, had not the best men about her. Her men were apt to be those whom the other girls called stupid or horrid, and whom it would not be easy, though it might be more just, to classify otherwise. The other girls wondered what she could see in them; but perhaps it was not necessary that she should see anything in them, if they could see all she wished them to see, and no more, in her.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2068.

The room where tea was now brought and put before her, was volumed round by the collections of her grandfather, except for the spaces filled by his portrait and that of earlier ancestors, going back to the time when Copley made masterpieces of his fellow-Bostonians. Her aunt herself looked a family portrait of the middle period, a little anterior to her father's, but subsequent to her great-grandfather's. She had a comely face, with large smooth cheeks and prominent eyes; the edges of her decorous brown wig were combed rather near their corners, and a fitting cap palliated but did not deny the wig. She had the quiet but rather dull look of people slightly deaf, and she had perhaps been stupefied by a life of unalloyed prosperity and propriety. She had grown an old maid naturally, but not involuntarily, and she was without the sadness or the harshness of disappointment. She had never known much of the world, though she had always lived in it. She knew that it was made up of two kinds of people; people who were like her and people who were not like her; and she had lived solely in the society of people who were like her, and in the shelter of their opinions and ideals. She did not contemn or exclude the people who were unlike her, but she had never had any more contact with them than she now had with the weather of the streets, as she sat, filling her large arm-chair full of her ladylike correctness, in the library of the handsome house her father had left her. The irruption of her brother's son and daughter into its cloistered quiet had scarcely broken its invulnerable order. It was right and fit they should be there after his death, and it was not strange that in the course of time they should both show certain unregulated tendencies which, since they were not known to be Lynde tendencies, must have been derived from the Southwestern woman her brother had married during his social and financial periclitations in a region wholly inconceivable to her. Their mother was dead, too, and their aunt's life closed about them with full acceptance, if not complacence as part of her world. They had grown to manhood and womanhood without materially discomposing her faith in the old-fashioned Unitarian deity, whose service she had always attended.

When Alan left college in his Freshman year, and did not go back, but went rather to Europe and Egypt and Japan, it appeared to her myopic optimism that his escapades had been pretty well hushed up by time and distance. After he came home, and devoted himself to his club, she could have wished that he had taken up some profession or business, but since there was money enough, she waited in no great disquiet until he showed as decided a taste for something else as he seemed for the present to have only for horses. In the mean while, from time to time, it came to her doctor's advising his going to a certain retreat. But he came out the first time so much better, and remained well so long that his aunt felt a kind of security in his going again and again, whenever he became at all worse. He always came back better. As she took the cup of tea that Bessie poured out for her, she recurred to the question that she had partly asked already:

"Do you think Alan is getting worse again?"

"Not so very much," said the girl, candidly. "He's been at the club, I suppose, but he left the table partly because I vexed him."

"Because you what?"

"Because I *vexed* him. He was scolding me, and I wouldn't stand it."

Her aunt tasted her tea, and found it so quite what she liked that she said, from a natural satisfaction with Bessie, "I don't see what he had to scold you about."

"Well," returned Bessie, and she got her pretty voice to the level of her aunt's hearing, with some straining, and kept it there, "when he is in that state, he has to scold *some* one; and I had been rather annoying, I suppose."

"What had you been doing?" asked her aunt, making out her words more from the sight than from the sound, after all.

"I had been walking home with a jay, and we found Alan trying to get in at the front door with his key, and I introduced him to the jay."

Miss Louisa Lynde had heard the word so often from her niece and nephew, that she imagined herself in full possession of its meaning. She asked, "Where had you met him?"

"I met him first," said the girl, "at Willie Morland's tea, last week, and to-day I found him at Mrs. Bevidge's altruistic toot."

"I didn't know," said her aunt, after a momentary attention to her tea, "that jays were interested in that sort of thing."

The girl laughed. "I believe they're not. It hasn't quite reached them, yet; and I don't think it will ever reach *my* jay. Mrs. Bevidge tried to work him into the cause, but he refused so promptly, and so—intelligently, don't you know—and so almost brutally, that poor Freddy Lancaster had to come and apologize to him for her want of tact." Bessie enjoyed the fact, which she had colored a little, in another laugh, but she had apparently not possessed her aunt of the humor of it. She remained seriously attentive, and the girl went on. "He was not the least abashed at having refused; he staid till the last, and as we came out together and he was going my way, I let him walk home with me. He's a jay, but he isn't a *common* jay." Bessie leaned forward and tried to implant some notion of Jeff's character and personality in her aunt's mind.

Miss Lynde listened attentively enough, but she merely asked, when all was said, "And why was Alan vexed with you about him?"

"Well," said the girl, falling back into her chair, "generally because this man's a jay, and particularly because he's been rather a baddish jay, I believe. He was suspended in his first year for something or other, and you know poor Alan's *very* particular! But Molly Enderby says Freddy Lancaster gives him the best of characters now." Bessie pulled down her mouth, with an effect befitting the notion of repentance and atonement. Then she flashed out: "Perhaps he had been drinking when he got into trouble. Alan could never forgive him for *that*."

"I think," said her aunt, "it is to your brother's credit that he is anxious about your associations."

"Oh, very much!" shouted Bessie, with a burst of laughter. "And as he isn't practically so, I ought to have been more patient with his theory. But when he began to scold me, I lost *my* temper, and I gave him a few wholesome truths in the guise of taunts. That was what made him go away, I suppose."

"But I don't really see," her aunt pursued, "what occasion he had to be angry with you in this instance."

"Oh, *I* do!" said Bessie. "Mr. Durgin isn't one to inspire the casual beholder with the notion of his spiritual distinction. His face is so rude and strong, and he has such a primitive effect in his clothes, that you feel as if you were coming down the street with a prehistoric man that the barbers and tailors had put a *fin de siècle* surface on." At the mystification which appeared in her aunt's face, the girl laughed again. "I should have been quite as anxious, if I had been in Alan's place, and I shall tell him so, some time. If I had not been so interested in the situation I don't believe I could have kept my courage. Whenever I looked round, and found that prehistoric man at my elbow, it gave me the creeps, a little, as if he were really carrying me off to his cave. I shall try to express that to Alan."

## XXXI.

The ladies finished their tea, and the butler came and took the cups away. Miss Lynde remained silent in her chair at her end of the library table, and by-and-by Bessie got a book and began to read. When her aunt woke up it was half past nine. "Was that Alan coming in?" she asked.

"I don't think he's been out," said the girl. "It isn't late enough for him to come in—or early enough."

"I believe I'll go to bed," Miss Lynde returned. "I feel rather drowsy."

Bessie did not smile at a comedy which was apt to be repeated every evening that she and her aunt spent at home together; they parted for the night with the decencies of family affection, and Bessie delivered the elder lady over to her maid. Then the girl sank down again, and lay musing in her deep chair before the fire with her book shut on her thumb. She looked rather old and worn in her revery; her face lost the air of gay banter which, after the beauty of her queer eyes and her vivid mouth, was its charm. The eyes were dull now, and the mouth a little withered.

She was waiting for her brother to come down, as he was apt to do if he was in the house, after their aunt went to bed, to smoke a cigar in the library. He was in his house shoes when he shuffled into the room, but her ear had detected his presence before a hiccough announced it. She did not look up, but let him make several failures to light his cigar, and damn the matches under his breath, before she pushed the drop-light to him in silent suggestion. As he leaned over her chair back to reach its chimney with his cigar in his mouth, she said, "*You're* all right, Alan."

He waited till he got round to his aunt's easy-chair and dropped into it before he answered, "So are you, Bess."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the girl, "as I should be if you were still scolding me. I knew that he was a jay, well enough, and I'd just seen him behaving very like a cad to Mrs. Bevidge."

"Then I don't understand how you came to be with him."

"Oh, yes, you do, Alan. You mustn't be logical! You might as well say you can't understand how you came to be more serious than sober." The brother laughed helplessly. "It was the excitement."

"But you can't give way to that sort of thing, Bess," said her brother, with the gravity of a man feeling the consequences of his own errors.

"I know I can't, but I do," she returned. "I know it's bad for me, if it isn't for other people. Come! I'll swear off if you will!"

"I'm always ready to swear off," said the young man, gloomily. He added, "But you've got brains, Bess, and I hate to see you playing the fool."

"Do you really, Alan?" asked the girl, pleased perhaps as much by his reproach as by his praise. "Do you think I've got brains?"

"You're the only girl that has."

"Oh, I didn't mean to ask so much as that! But what's the reason I can't do anything with them? Other girls draw, and play, and write. I don't do anything but go in for the excitement that's bad for me. I wish you'd explain it."

Alan Lynde did not try. The question seemed to turn his thoughts back upon himself to very dispiriting effect. "I've got brains, too, I believe," he began.

"Lots of them!" cried his sister, generously. "There isn't any of the men to compare with you. If I had you to talk with all the time, I shouldn't want jays. I don't mean to flatter. You're a constant feast of reason; I don't care for flows of soul. You always take right views of things, when you're yourself, and even when you're somebody else, you're not stupid. You could be anything you chose."

"The devil of it is I can't choose," he replied.

"Yes, I suppose that's the devil of it," said the girl.

"You oughtn't to use such language as that, Bess," said her brother, severely.

"Oh, I don't, with everybody," she returned. "*Never* with ladies!"

He looked at her out of the corner of his eye with a smile at once rueful and comic.

"You've got me, I guess, that time."

"'*Touché*,' Mr. Durgin says. He fences, it seems, and he speaks French. It was like an animal speaking French; you always expect them to speak English. But *I* don't mind your swearing before me; I know that it helps to carry off the electricity." She laughed, and made him laugh with her.

"Is there anything to him?" he growled when they stopped laughing.

"Yes, a good deal," said Bessie, with an air of thoughtfulness; and then she went on to tell all that Jeff had told her of himself, and she described his aplomb in dealing with the benevolent Bevidge, as she called her, and sketched his character as it seemed to her. The sketch was full of shrewd guesses, and she made it amusing to her brother, who from the vantage of his own baddishness no doubt judged the original more intelligently.

"Well, you'd better let him alone, after this," he said, at the end.

"Yes," she pensively assented. "I suppose it's as if you took to some very common kind of whiskey, isn't it? I see what you mean. If one must, it ought to be champagne."

She turned upon him a look of that keen but limited knowledge which renders women's conjectures of evil always so amusing, or so pathetic, to men.

"Better let the champagne alone, too," said her brother, darkly.

"Yes, I know that," she admitted, and she lay back in her chair, looking dreamily into the fire. After a while she asked, abruptly, "Will you give it up if I will?"

"I am afraid I couldn't."

"You could try."

"Oh, I'm used to that."

"Then it's a bargain," she said. She jumped from her chair and went over to him, and smoothed his hair over his forehead and kissed the place she had smoothed, though it was unpleasantly damp to her lips. "Poor boy, poor boy. Now, remember! No more jays for me, and no more jags for you. Good-night."

Her brother broke into a wild laugh at her slanging, which had such a bizarre effect in relation to her physical delicacy.

## XXXII.

Jeff did not know whether Miss Bessie Lynde meant to go to Mrs. Bevidge's Thursdays or not. He thought she might have been bantering him by what she said, and he decided that he would risk going to the first of them on the chance of meeting her. She was not there, and there was no one there whom he knew. Mrs. Bevidge made no effort to enlarge his acquaintance, and after he had drunk a cup of her tea, he went away with rage against society in his heart, which he promised himself to vent at the first chance of refusing its favors. But the chance seemed not to come. The world which had opened its gates to him was fast shut again, and in his exclusion he had to make what he could of renouncing it. He worked pretty hard, and he renewed himself in his fealty to Cynthia, while his mind strayed curiously to that other girl. But he had almost abandoned the hope of meeting her again, when a large party was given on the eve of the Harvard mid-year examinations, which end the younger gayeties of Boston, for a fortnight at least, in January. The party was so large that the invitations overflowed the strict bounds of society at some points. In the case of Jeff Durgin the excess was intentional beyond the vague benevolence which prompted the giver of the party to ask certain other outsiders. She was a lady of a soul several sizes larger than the souls of some other society leaders; she was not afraid to do as she liked; for instance, she had not only met the Vostrands at Westover's tea, several years before, but she had afterwards offered some hospitalities to those ladies which had discharged her whole duty toward them without involving her in any disadvantages. Jeff had been presented to her at Westover's, but she disliked him so promptly and decidedly that she had left him out of even the things that she asked some other jays to, like lectures and parlor readings for good objects. It was not until one of her daughters met him, first at Willie Morland's tea and then at Mrs. Bevidge's meeting, that her social conscience concerned itself with him. At the first her daughter had not spoken to him, as might very well have happened, since Bessie Lynde had kept him away with her nearly all the time; but at the last she had bowed pleasantly to him across the room, and Jeff had responded with a stiff obeisance, whose coldness she felt the more for having been somewhat softened herself in Mrs. Bevidge's altruistic atmosphere.

"I think he was hurt, mamma," the girl explained to her mother, "that you've never had him to anything. I suppose they must feel it."

"Oh, well, send him a card then," said her mother; and when Jeff got the card, rather near the eleventh hour, he made haste to accept, not because he cared to go to Mrs. Enderby's house, but because he hoped he should meet Miss Lynde there.

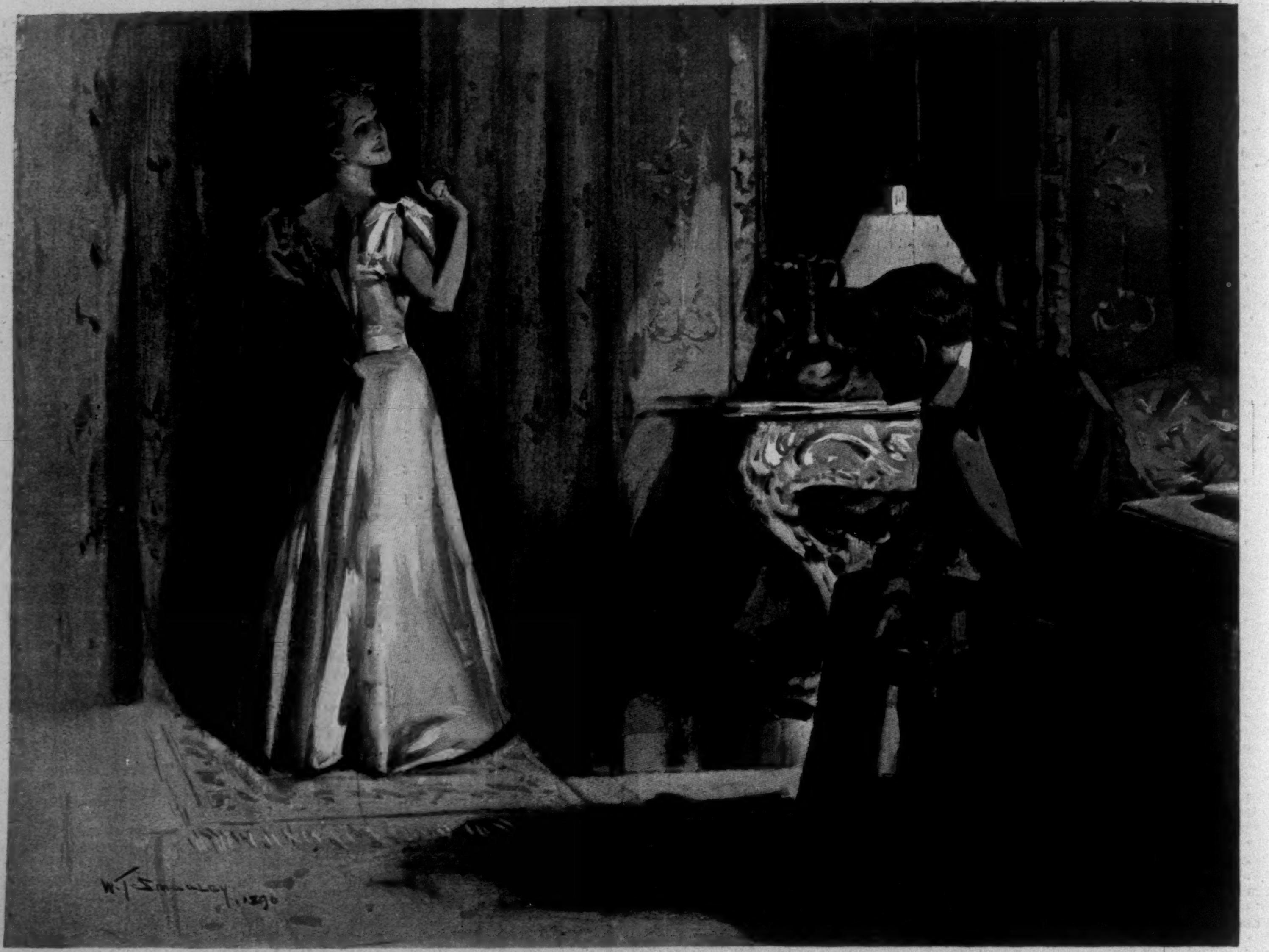
Bessie was the first person he met after he turned from paying his duty to the hostess. She was with her aunt, and she presented him, and promised him a dance, which she let him write on her card. She sat out another dance with him, and he took her to supper.

To Westover, who had gone with the increasing forlornness a man feels in such pleasures after thirty-five, it seemed as if the two were in each other's company the whole evening. The impression was so strong with him that when Jeff restored Bessie to her aunt for the dance that was to be for some one else, and came back to the supper-room, the painter tried to satisfy a certain uneasiness by making talk with him. But Jeff would not talk; he got away with a bottle of champagne, which he had captured, and a plate heaped with croquettes and pease, and galantine and salad. There were no ladies left in the room by that time and few young men, but the oldsters crowded the place, with their bald heads devoutly bowed over their victual, or their frosty mustaches bathed in their drink, singly or in groups; the noise of their talk and laughter mixed with the sound of their eating and drinking, and the clash of the knives and dishes. Over their stooped shoulders, and past their rounded stomachs, Westover saw Alan Lynde vaguely making his way with a glass in his hand, and looking vaguely about for wine; he saw Jeff catch his wandering eye, and make offer of his bottle, and then saw Lynde, after a moment of haughty pause, unbend and accept it. His thin face was flushed, and his hair tossed over his forehead, but Jeff seemed not to take note of that. He laughed boisterously at something Lynde said, and kept filling his glass for him. His own color remained clear and cool; it was as if his powerful physique absorbed the wine before it could reach his brain.

Westover wanted to interfere, and so far as Jeff was concerned he would not have hesitated, but Lynde was concerned, too, and you cannot save such a man from himself without offence. He made his way to the young man, hoping he might somehow have the courage he wanted.

Jeff held up the bottle, and called to him, "Get yourself a glass, Mr. Westover." He put on the air of a host, and would hardly be denied. "Know Mr. Westover, Mr. Lynde? Just talking about you," he explained to Westover.

Alan had to look twice at the painter. "Oh, yes, Mr. Durgin, here—telling me about his place in the mountains. Says you've been there. Going—going myself in the summer. See his—horses." He made pauses be-



"NO MORE JAYS FOR ME, NO MORE JAGS FOR YOU."

tween his words as some people do when they try to keep from stammering.

Westover believed Lynde understood Jeff to be a country gentleman of sporting tastes, and he would not let that pass. "Yes, it's the pleasantest little hotel in the mountains."

"Strictly—temperance, I suppose?" said Alan, trying to smile with lips that obeyed him stiffly. He appeared not to care who or what Jeff was; the champagne had washed away all differences between them. He went on to say that he had heard of Jeff's intention of running the hotel himself when he got out of Harvard. He held it to be damned good stuff.

Jeff laughed. "Your sister wouldn't believe me when I told her."

"I think I didn't mention Miss Lynde," said Alan, haughtily.

Jeff filled his glass; Alan looked at it, faltered, and then drank it off. The talk began again between the young men, but it left Westover out, and he had to go away. Whether Jeff was getting Lynde beyond himself from the love of mischief, such as had prompted him to tease little children in his boyhood, or was trying to ingratiate himself with the young fellow through his weakness, or doing him harm out of mere thoughtlessness, Westover came away very unhappy at what he had seen. His unhappiness connected itself so distinctly with Lynde's family that he went and sat down beside Miss Lynde, from an obscure impulse of compassion, and tried to talk with her. It would not have been so hard if she were merely deaf, for she had the skill of deaf people in arranging the conversation so that a nodded yes or no would be all that was needed to carry it forward. But to Westover she was terribly dull, and he was gasping, as in an exhausted receiver, when Bessie came up with a smile of radiant recognition for his extremity. She got rid of her partner, and devoted herself at once to Westover. "How *good* of you!" she said, without giving him the pain of an awkward disclaimer.

He could counter in equal sincerity and ambiguity, "How beautiful of *you*."

"Yes," she said, "I *am* looking rather well, to-night; but don't you think *effective* would have been a better word?" She smiled across her aunt at him out of a cloud of pink, from which her thin shoulders and slender neck emerged, and her arms, gloved to the top, fell into her lap; one of them seemed to terminate naturally in the fan, which sensitively shared the inquiescence of her person.

"I will say effective too, if you insist," said Westover. "But at the same time you're the most beautiful person here."

"How lovely of you, even if you don't mean it," she sighed. "If girls could have more of those things said to them, they would be better, don't you think? Or at least *feel* better!"

Westover laughed. "We might organize a society—they have them for nearly everything, now—for saying pleasant things to young ladies with a view to the moral effect."

"Oh, do!"

"But it ought to be done conscientiously, and you couldn't go round telling every one that she was the most beautiful girl in the room."

"Why not? She'd believe it!"

"Yes; but the effect on the members of the society!"

"Oh, yes; that! But you could vary it so as to save your conscience. You could say, 'How divinely you're looking!' or 'How angelic!' or 'You're the very poetry of motion,' or 'You are grace itself,' or 'Your gown is a perfect dream,' or any little commonplace, and every one would take it for praise of her personal appearance, and feel herself a great beauty, just as I do, now, though I know very well that I'm all out of drawing, and just *chicqued* together."

"I couldn't allow any one but you to say that, Miss Bessie; and I only let it pass because you say it so well."

"Yes; you're always so good! You wouldn't contradict me even when you turned me out of your class."

"Did I turn you out of my class?"

"Not just in so many words, but when I said I *couldn't* do anything in art, you didn't insist that it was because I *wouldn't*, and of course then I had to go. I've never forgiven you, Mr. Westover, never! *Do keep on talking very excitedly; there's a man coming up to us that I don't want to think I see him, or he'll stop.* There! He's veered off! Where were you, Mr. Westover?"

"Ah, Miss Bessie," said the painter, delighted at her drama. "There isn't anything you couldn't do if you would."

"You mean parlor entertainments; impersonations; impressions; that sort of thing? I *have* thought of it. But it would be too easy. I want to try something difficult."

"For instance."

"Well, being very, very good. I want something that would really tax my powers. I should like to be an example. I tried it the other night just before I went to sleep, and it was fine. I became an example to others. But when I woke up—I went on in the old way. I want something *hard*, don't you know; but I want it to be *easy!*"

She laughed, and Westover said: "I am glad you're not serious. No one ought to be an example to others. To be exemplary is as dangerous as to be complimentary."

"It certainly isn't so agreeable to the object," said the girl. "But it's fine for the subject as long as it lasts. How metaphysical we're getting! The objective and the subjective. It's quite what I should expect of talk at a Boston dance if I were a New-Yorker. Have you seen anything of my brother, within the last hour or so, Mr. Westover?"

"Yes; I just left him in the supper-room. Shall I go get him for you?" When he had said this, with the notion of rescuing him from Jeff, Westover was sorry, for he doubted if Alan Lynde were any longer in the state to be brought away from the supper-room, and he was glad to have Bessie say:

"No, no. He'll look us up in the course of the evening—or the morning."

A young fellow came to claim her for a dance, and Westover had not the face to leave Miss Lynde, all the less because she told him he must not think of staying. He staid till the dance was over, and Bessie came back to him.

"What time is it, Mr. Westover? I see my aunt beginning to nod on her perch."

Westover looked at his watch. "It's ten minutes past two."

"How early!" sighed the girl. "I'm tired of it, aren't you?"

"Very," said Westover. "I was tired an hour ago."

Bessie sank back in her chair with an air of nervous collapse, and did not say anything. Westover saw her watching the young couples who passed in and out of the room where the dancing was, or found corners on sofas, or window-seats, or sheltered spaces beside the doors and the chimney-piece, the girls panting and the men leaning forward to fan them. She looked very tired of it; and when a young fellow came up and asked her to dance, she told him that she was provisionally engaged. "Come back and get me, if you can't do better," she said, and he answered there was no use trying to do better, and said he would wait till the other man turned up, or didn't, if she would let him. He sat down beside her, and some young talk began between them.

In the midst of it Jeff appeared. He looked at Westover first, and then approached with an embarrassed face.

Bessie got vividly to her feet. "No apologies, Mr. Durgin, please! But in just another moment you'd have lost your dance."

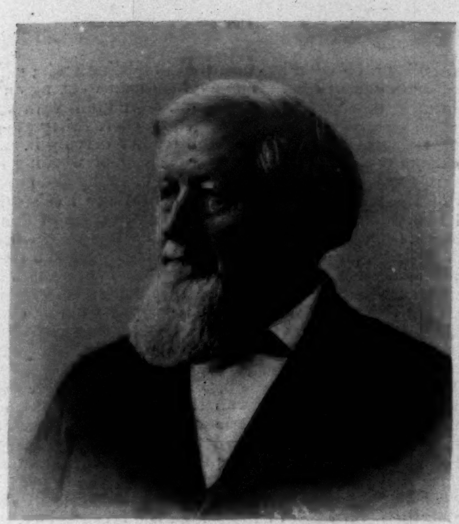
Westover saw what he believed a change pass in Jeff's look from embarrassment to surprise and then to flattered intelligence. He beamed all over; and he went away with Bessie toward the ballroom, and left Westover to a wholly unsupported belief that she had not been engaged to dance with Jeff. He wondered what her reckless meaning could be, but he had always thought her a young lady singularly fitted by nature and art to take care of herself, and when he reasoned upon what was in his mind he had to own that there was no harm in Jeff's dancing with her.

He took leave of Miss Lynde, and was going to get his coat and hat for his walk home when he was mysteriously stopped in a corner of the stairs by one of the caterer's men whom he knew. It is so unnatural to be addressed by a servant at all unless he asks you if you will have something to eat or drink, that Westover was in a manner prepared to have him say something startling. "It's about young Mr. Lynde, sor. We've got um in one of the rooms upstairs, but he ain't fit to go home alone, and I've been lookin' for somebody that knows the family to help get um into a car'ge. He won't go for anny of us, sor."

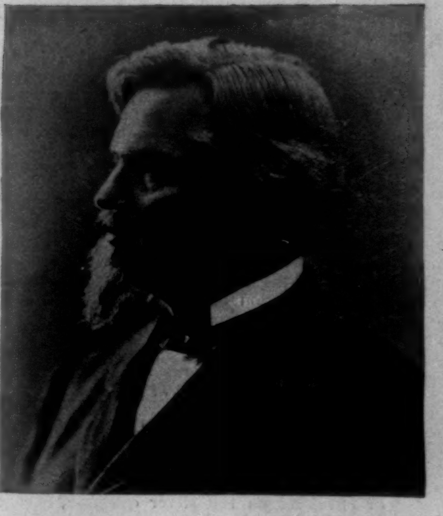
"Where is he?" asked Westover, in anguish at being unable to refuse the appeal, but loathing the office put upon him.

"I'll show you, sor," said the caterer's man, and he sprang up the stairs before Westover, with glad alacrity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



JOHN McAULEY PALMER.
Nominated for President by the National Democracy.



SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER.
Nominated for Vice-President by the National Democracy.

# THE INDIANAPOLIS CANDIDATES.

## JOHN McAULEY PALMER.

**John McAuley Palmer**, the nominee of the National Democracy for the Presidency, was born at Eagle Creek, Scott County, Kentucky, September 13, 1814. When he was fourteen his parents moved to Madison County, Illinois. He was admitted to the bar in 1839, and immediately entered the field of politics, holding successively the offices of Probate Judge, County Judge, and State Senator.

In 1856, as a member of the newly formed Republican party, he was a delegate to the convention which nominated Fremont for President. On May 9, 1861, he was elected Colonel of the 14th Regiment, Illinois infantry. He remained in the service, participating with Fremont in the expedition to Springfield, Missouri, with General Pope in the operations against New Madrid and Island No. 10, and he led a division at the battle of Stone River. For gallantry in this action he was nominated Major-General, November 17, 1862. He was at the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, and took part in the Atlanta campaign. He was elected Governor of Illinois in 1868 as a Republican, but a few years later left that party because he differed with it on the tariff question. In 1888 he ran for Governor on the Democratic ticket, but was defeated, and two years later he was elected United States Senator, in which position he is still serving.

## SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER.

**General Simon Bolivar Buckner**, the candidate for Vice-President on the National Democratic ticket, is one of the most picturesque figures in the South. He was graduated at West Point in 1840, and served with the army in the Mexican war. In 1855 he resigned from the army, having inherited a large fortune, and has lived since then upon his ancestral acres. During the war he commanded a brigade at the battle of Fort Donelson in 1862, and surrendered there to General Grant against his own wishes, which were to cut his way out, but in obedience to the demands of Generals Pillow and Floyd.

After a term of imprisonment at Fort Warren, he commanded as a Major-General at the battles of Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. In 1887 he was elected Governor of Kentucky, and had it not been for a constitutional provision against a second term, he would have been renominated and re-elected, so great was his popularity. His relations with General Grant after the war were of the most friendly and tender character. Upon the failure of Ward & Grant, General Buckner sent his check for a large sum to General Grant, telling him to draw upon him if he needed more. The loan was accepted in the spirit in which it was tendered, and after General Buckner's second marriage General Grant, who was then ill at Mount McGregor, invited him and his wife to visit him. It was there that an old friendship became closer, and on General Grant's death General Buckner was one of the pall-bearers. All this was remembered by the Grand Army men when, as Governor, General Buckner came here to participate in the celebration of the centenary of Washington's inauguration. It was impossible for the officers of the Grand Army to keep their men in line as the old veteran passed; men rushed out to grasp his hand; and this, to the old Confederate soldier, was the most touching incident of his official visit to New York.

# CHARLES STANLEY REINHART.

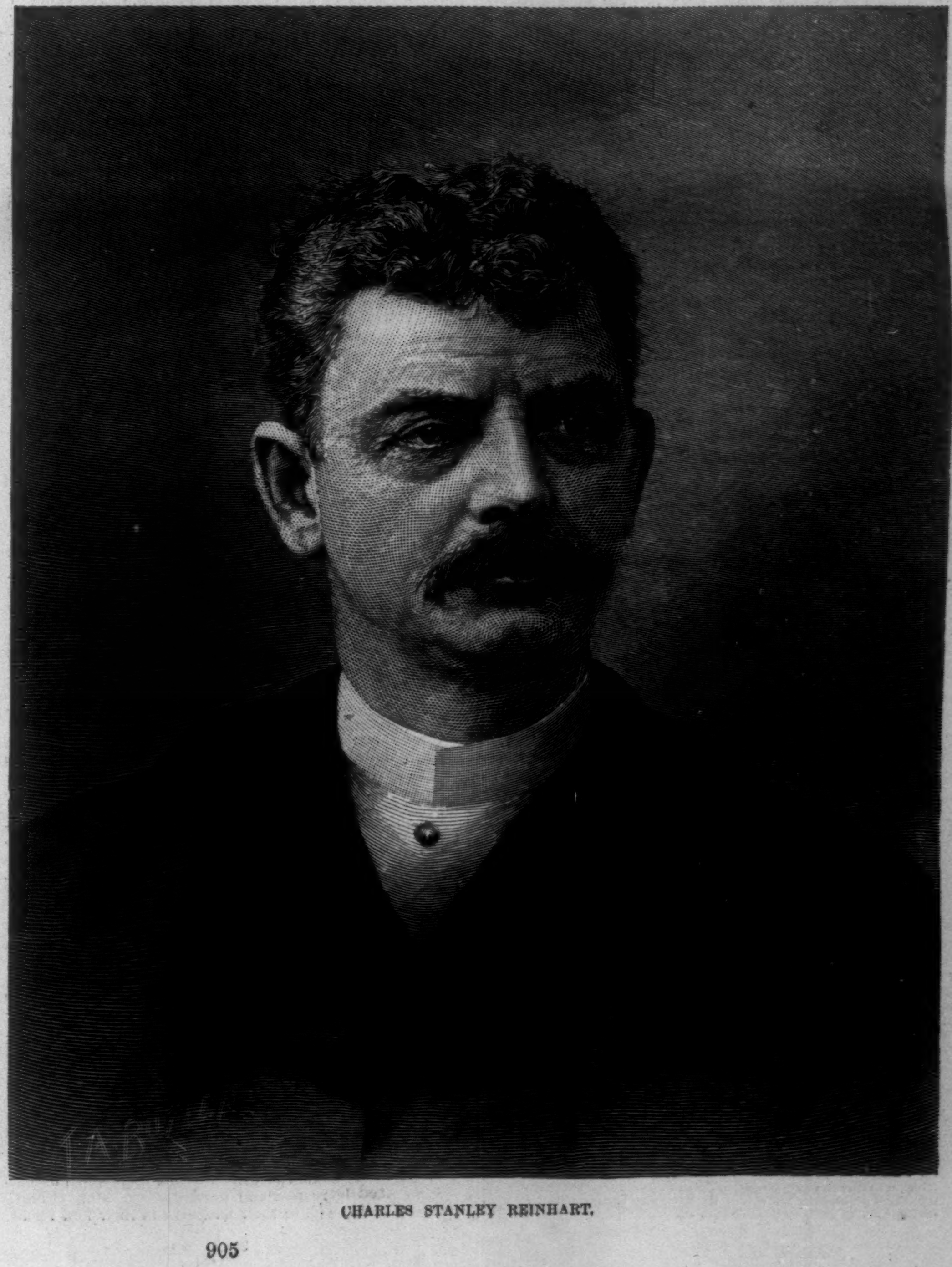
**The** death of Charles Stanley Reinhart removes from the list of American illustrators one of the foremost names, from that of American painters the promise and potency of a much more conspicuous success than he actually achieved, and from the circle of his personal acquaintances a most striking and attractive individuality. Mr. Reinhart was born in Pittsburg in 1844. For three years of the war he was engaged in the railroad and telegraphic service with the Union armies, and after the war was over found employment in the steel-works of Pittsburg. Meanwhile he had discovered for himself where his true vocation lay, and after experiments in self-teaching, he succeeded in going abroad for a thorough instruction, first to Munich, and afterwards to Paris. It was in Paris that he married the wife whom he lost in 1885, and who left him the three children, two daughters and a son, who survive him. On his return to New York he began his artistic contributions to the Harper publications, in the service of which he was actively engaged up to the day of the sudden attack which ended, three days later, in his lamentable death. The attack was the more deplorable because, although he had been for a year suffering from a serious malady, which he bore not merely with patience and fortitude, but with gayety, the immediate occasion of his death was an unhappy mischance.

Mr. Reinhart's chief interest in life, as his standing subject in art, was human character. His artistic achievement may almost be summed up in saying that it was a gallery of portraits, or what the Germans more happily call character-pictures. Not a line or a gesture of a figure that came before him was lost upon him. The sensibility that is the foundation of the artistic temperament became in him a sensitiveness to the differences among men and women so keen as to seem almost morbid. His delight in the human spectacle seemed to increase rather than to abate with his years, while his power of rendering it was augmented by practice. One of the latest of his presentations of the spectacle was an attempt to render it in mass, ignoring the details which yet interested him so deeply—a presentation of a crowd in the picture of the Bryan mass-meeting, published in the Weekly for August 22. In this individual character is effaced, and even the chief speaker and central figure becomes an almost microscopic puppet. The effect is very striking. But to appreciate the range of the artist, look at the other drawing in the same number, which represents "a conference of leaders," and in which every figure is realized and individualized to the utmost. Of the same kind, and equally successful in its kind, is the "Hangers-on at Headquarters," in the Weekly of August 29. Of this another artist has said, since its author's death, that he had occasion to visit the same committee-room after the illustration had been published, "and there were all those people still posing for Reinhart's picture."

But it would be an error to limit the artist's power to these examples of realism. His experiences in the war, which he had not until then the skill to record, have lately served him well as the starting-point of a new departure. In the "Crossing at Fredericksburg," already published, and still more in the "High Tide at Gettysburg" and the "Second Cavalry at Beverly Ford," still to be published, he shows a power of invention and of composition, of seizing the point of the dramatic situation and the historical moment, for which his more rapid and occasional work gave no scope. He was accustomed to bewail it as a misfortune that the exigencies of his work as an illustrator gave him so little time for painting, and some of his water-colors justify the belief that he might have achieved in color a good part of the success he attained in black and white. The large painting of "Cast Ashore," which gained a prize at the Salon and was afterwards shown at the Chicago Fair, is an excellent and perhaps the best-known of his works in oil.

The same extraordinary vividness of perception that made him an artist made Mr. Reinhart also one of the most charming of companions. An ordinary personal experience, which would have been merely tiresome in an ordinary narrator's recital, gained life and color when Mr. Reinhart related it, with an affluence of gesture and expression almost pantomimic. Mr. Julian Ralph some years ago published an account of "an artist's way of telling a story," which was a very appreciative exposition of Mr. Reinhart's narrative manner. It was in this manner, with his handsome face alight with enthusiasm, that the artist related, to a little circle of listening friends, within a week of his death, his recent experiences and the artistic plans which he had founded upon them, and left the sympathetic circle in admiration of his unabated alertness and vitality, his unexhausted youth.

Montgomery Schuyler.



CHARLES STANLEY REINHART.

# OUR GRAIN FARMERS THE CREDITORS OF THE WORLD.

BY EDWARD ATKINSON.

IN the discussion of the silver question in Great Britain the position of wheat constantly recurs. The whole question is dealt with as if wheat and gold were interchangeable standards. This is mainly due to the British system of land tenure, and to the conditions of agriculture based thereon. It has been held for many generations that the possession of land, the direction of its cultivation, and the labor upon the soil must by a sort of necessary law be divided between three parties—first, the landlord, who supplies land and buildings, his share of the product being taken in the name of rent; second, the tenant farmer, who is expected to provide the working capital and the executive direction with the expectation of profits; third, the laborer, who performs the manual work for wages.

The ordinary conditions of farm leases customarily prescribe what is called a four-course system, in which wheat comes in rotation. On the other hand, wheaten bread is more absolutely the staff of life in Great Britain than in any other country.

It is due to these conditions that the British landlord and his representatives in Parliament, who constituted the majority of the recent Royal Commission on the Depression of Agriculture, have become almost incapable of thinking or speaking on the silver question, except in terms of wheat. There has been a tendency of late in this country, on the part of those who have only half mastered the facts, to support the free coinage of silver of full legal tender, upon the ground that "the business of this country had been capitalized on wheat at $1.25 a bushel." It is therefore held that we must debase our standard of value to a fifty-cent dollar of full legal tender in order to raise the price of wheat and of other farm products.

Some one may ask what that expression "capitalized on $1.25 wheat" really means. The writer must refer that question to the young man who used it. He may explain it if he really knows what it means himself. It serves me as a convenient text to show the loose, half-witted methods of dealing with this subject by uninformed or incompetent men. If this phrase means anything, it means that we must double the price of flour and bread without any regard to the wages of those who eat bread, lest the wheat farmers should not prosper. This delusion about wheat may have some influence among those who do not know the facts. A statement of the facts will be timely.

It is not denied that since the fear of discredit and repudiation, under the danger of the forced circulation of silver dollars costing about fifty cents each in gold came to a point in the panic of 1893, the price of wheat and almost all other products has been put for a time below cost. It is in order to overcome the evil of this crime against farmers and laborers that it becomes necessary to give the facts. What we have to deal with is the long period of almost uninterrupted progress from the year 1862 down to 1892, when the danger of national discredit brought disaster upon us.

In dealing with this subject, the exhaustive tables compiled by Mr. L. G. Powers, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Minnesota, and soon to be published by the State, will be chiefly made use of from the advance sheets. They are fully sustained by the authorities of other States as well as by the compilations of the Department of Agriculture.[*] Figures of the ten great States of the northern Mississippi Valley are given, omitting the two Dakotas, which have only assumed their present important position in the production of wheat in recent years. The States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, and Missouri produced seventy per cent. of the whole crops of Indian corn, oats, and wheat of this country during the period under consideration. It is at this great centre of the world's supply of food that the comparison of prices should be made, if by any such comparison the appreciation or depreciation of gold is to be demonstrated. These ten States, with the two Dakotas now added, supply the excess of grain which is sold for export at the gold standard, the market price of the entire crops being established by the price which this excess will bring for export to foreign countries. The following statement gives the progress of these ten States. I have selected the year 1891 as the last in this table, because in 1892 the evil influence of the acts of 1890 diminishing the revenue, and increasing the demand debt by a forced loan for the purchase of silver bullion, had begun to show its subtle effect, culminating in the disasters of 1893. The following table gives the figures of corn, wheat, and oats produced in these ten States in the years chosen from the exhaustive tables compiled by Mr. Powers:

AREA OF TEN STATES, A LITTLE OVER 600,000 SQUARE MILES.

| Year. | Acreage. | Tons produced. | Farm Value, Gold. | Per Ton. | Per Bushel. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1862...... | 23,883,097 | 18,411,330 | $265,398,765 | $14.42 | 39.2 cents. |
| 1871...... | 32,669,672 | 24,535,256 | 388,009,266 | 15.81 | 41.8 " |
| 1881...... | 71,376,200 | 34,126,444 | 837,042,070 | 24.53 | 63.7 " |
| 1891...... | 80,038,145 | 58,039,568 | 918,741,304 | 15.83 | 40.5 " |

The average gold value per ton of corn, wheat, and oats throughout this period—from 1862 to 1891 inclusive—was $15.41; per bushel, 39.9 cents. The crop of 1881 was exceptional both in quantity and price, being met by very short crops in Europe. In that year, or one of the years of that period, the quantity of wheat exported from this country either as grain or in the form of flour would have sufficed to give every inhabitant of the British Islands more than one barrel of flour each for the year of that export. In other words, had the United Kingdom depended wholly upon the United States for her supply of wheat and bread, we should have supplied in that year the whole population of the British Islands and of this country also with that necessity of life.

The effect of the discredit which was brought on by the danger of the forced circulation of silver dollars costing about fifty cents each is now witnessed by the figures of 1895:

| | |
|---|---|
| Acreage | 83,636,517 |
| Crop (tons) | 56,479,475 |
| Value at farms | $531,764,360 |
| Per ton | $9.42 |
| Per bushel | 23 6-10 cts. |

If the farmers of this country will compare the nearly even crops of 1895 and the returns secured by them with the crops and returns of the year 1891, they can then measure the effect of the crime against farmers and laborers alike which may be charged upon the advocates of repudiation and national discredit. The difference on crops of nearly the same quantity amounts to $387,000,000. That is the price which the farmers were paying last year as the penalty for submitting to the domination of the silver-miners' party, which is attempting to rule this country even to its ruin.

It will be observed that in the interval between 1862 and 1895 sixty million acres of land previously unoccupied were put under the plough. What proportion of the acreage of 1862 was under mortgage there is no means of telling. Suffice it that nearly every acre since occupied has been improved and brought under cultivation with money borrowed and secured on mortgage. The average duration of these mortgages has been five years. At the end of this period, namely, in 1892, more than one-half, and outside of the arid lands where speculative mortgage companies had misled owners into purchasing land unfit for cultivation except by irrigation, more than two-thirds of these improved and occupied farms were free of any mortgage whatever, and were well stocked.

In the Census Report on Mortgages the full statement of the case is given in these words, covering the whole nation: "In regard to the families occupying farms, the conclusion is, that 34.08 per cent. of the families hire and 65.92 per cent. own the farms cultivated by them; that 28.22 per cent. of the owning families own subject to encumbrance, and 71.78 per cent. own free of encumbrance. Among 100 farm families, on the average, 34 hire their farms, 19 own with encumbrance, and 47 without encumbrance. On the owned farms there are liens amounting to $1,085,995,960, which is 35.55 per cent. of the value of the encumbered farms, and this debt bears interest at the average rate of 7.07 per cent. Each owned and encumbered farm, on the average, is worth $3444, and is subject to a debt of $1224."

This general statement must, however, be greatly modified in respect to the grain-growing States. The very large proportion of families hiring their land is in the Southern States, where the colored people are customarily tenants. There is an increasing number of farmers who rent their lands even in the grain-growing States, but from the investigations recently made the number of renters is mainly drawn from those who have previously been laborers, and according to the statistics of some of the States the average renter comes into possession of a farm by purchase in about the same period that it has required to meet the average mortgage. That part of the question, however, requires some further investigation.

Such being the facts about the principal crops of grain combined, the figures of wheat only will now be submitted. Wheat assumes an undue importance because little Indian corn is exported in a crude condition, but the export of provisions and dairy products is representative of the products of corn, oats, hay, and pasturage, and is becoming of even more importance to the farmers than the export of wheat.

PRODUCT OF WHEAT, TREATED SEPARATELY, IN THE TEN STATES.

| Year. | Acres. | Bushels. | Farm Value, Gold | Value Per Acre. | Value, Ton. | Value, Bushel. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1862..... | 8,787,369 | 138,339,476 | $113,672,520 | $13.25 | $27.40 | 82.1 cts. |
| 1871..... | 11,754,384 | 145,386,000 | 152,101,916 | 12.94 | 34.87 | 104.6 |
| 1881..... | 25,102,800 | 244,220,000 | 286,217,540 | 11.40 | 39.07 | 117.2 |
| 1891..... | 21,682,896 | 358,208,000 | 294,857,723 | 13.60 | 27.44 | 82.3 |

The average gold value throughout this whole term—1862 to 1891—of the wheat produced was per ton $27.18; per bushel, 81.5 cents; but in no year in this period did the American farmer secure $1.25 a bushel. The highest price attained was in 1881—$1.172.

Under the malignant influence of the threat of national repudiation and the discredit of 1893 the average value of wheat per ton was brought down in 1895 to only $16.65, and the price per bushel to the farmers to an average of 50 cents, and at places a little away from the railways even to a less return.

But the American farmers have protected themselves in great measure against the dangers of resting upon a single crop. In the early part of this period the all-wheat system of cultivation prevailed in many of the States, but in all these States varied agriculture has been adopted. Wheat has become, like the cotton of the South, the surplus or the money crop, requiring a few days' work in the spring or autumn in planting, and a few days' work in the summer or autumn in harvesting. The farmers have become year by year self-sustaining on their products of meats, butter, cheese, eggs, flaxseed, fruits, and many other products, to the end that the wheat has become a surplus or profit crop. If the readers of this article in these States have any reason to question this statement, the writer earnestly solicits information thereon.

A glance can only be given to the stupendous changes which have occurred in the process of production and distribution.

The railway system has been consolidated, rendered effective, and increased from about 30,000 miles in 1862 to 175,000 miles in 1892. The cost of moving a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York by lake and rail has been reduced from 26.6 cents in 1865 to 1868, and from a higher rate in 1862, to 5.61 cents in 1892, and it is now even less.

Modern agricultural machinery has been almost brought into existence, while the price of each more and more effective plough, reaper, and harvester has been reduced one-half or more since their adoption in their first forms. A complete revolution has occurred in milling grain, with great reduction in cost. The average man working on a grain farm now raises fifty per cent. more grain with less personal effort than he was obliged to exert thirty years ago. He rides upon the plough instead of driving it, and he directs the harvesting-machine instead of working it. Not only this, but by improvements in breeding and methods of feeding he raises fifty per cent. more live-stock, and turns out more than fifty per cent. excess of dairy products than he could thirty or even twenty years since, with less manual labor. The average hog reached a marketable condition, in 1865–6, in twenty-two months, now in fourteen. The average steer, thirty years since, was six years old when slaughtered, now three years old or even less, of even weight. The average cow produces fifty per cent. more milk than her predecessor of but a few years since, at a lessened cost of production.

On the other hand, the wagons, tools, furniture, groceries, clothing, and nearly all the necessaries and comforts of life for which the farmer exchanges his products were made and sold to him, in 1892, at a profit sufficient to secure the most abundant supply at one-half or less than the prices that prevailed even as late as 1873, much less than one-half the prices of 1865. In all the arts of producing the necessaries of life which the farmers buy, the wages of the workmen were as high at a gold standard as they had been in depreciated legal-tender notes when the purchasing power of those note had been reduced by fifty per cent., and also very much higher than they were in 1873.

It will be necessary as well as interesting for our British consumers to remark that the average return per acre in wheat from 1862 to 1894 inclusive varied but a fraction from $12.50, or, at two cents to a penny, £2 10*s*. When the writer first began to study this wheat question in 1879 it became apparent to him that the only possibility of maintaining any rent whatever upon wheat land in Great Britain would rest upon the maintenance of a high cost of transportation from the Mississippi Valley. How rapidly that cost would be reduced he did not himself dare to predict. At that time, so far as he could get exact information, the rent and poor-rates upon good land devoted to wheat in Great Britain were more than £2 per acre, in many instances £3. These facts were disclosed in an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for July, 1880.

At a return of $12.50 per acre, or substantially from a total return equivalent to rent and rates only in Great Britain as they were twenty years ago, our wheat crop has nearly trebled, while our grain crop has much more than trebled, and from these returns, covering the whole cost, the interest on mortgages, and all other charges, nearly two-thirds of the farmers in these ten States have become independent, owning their farms free from mortgage. They are, in fact, the great creditor class of this nation, while the mortgage on the remainder of the land that is improved is less than one-half the aggregate value even of that part.

The stupendous folly of the silver-miners and their retainers in expecting support in their attack upon the credit and integrity of the nation in these ten States will become apparent in November.

This statement would not be complete without submitting the facts in regard to the grain crop of the nation as well as that of the ten States, although in nearly all the other States the product of grain is relatively unimportant, with the exception of North Dakota and South Dakota. The Territory of Dakota was practically unoccupied in 1862 and 1865. It produced so little wheat until a very much later period that its crops were not listed separately until very recently. Since the cultivation of wheat began, in face of declining prices, the product of the wheat of these two States increased until it has reached 90,000,000 bushels in 1895, or nearly one-fifth of the whole product of that year.

The exact figures of the grain crop of the whole nation are not quite complete in the advance sheets which have been placed at my disposal by Mr. Powers. The following table, however, will give in round figures facts which are subject to very slight variation when the work is completed:

| Year. | Acreage. | Bushels. | Value per Bushel, Gold. | Value of Crop. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1862.... | 31,200,000 | 921,000,000 | 44 cts. | $416,000,000 gold. |
| 1871.... | 62,400,000 | 1,480,000,000 | 58 " | 871,000,000 currency. |
| 1881.... | 118,800,000 | 1,995,000,000 | 70 " | 1,410,000,000 gold. |
| 1891.... | 142,000,000 | 3,410,000,000 | 46 " | 1,582,000,000 gold. |

The evil influence of the acts of 1890 is disclosed by the figures of 1895:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1895.... | 144,000,000 | 3,440,000,000 | 28 cts. | $970,000,000 gold. |

Though parts of the country have suffered even more than the ten great grain-growing States, the crime against farmers has cost them six hundred million dollars on a single year's product. There is nothing in the conditions of 1895 which would account for this terrible loss. The competition of other countries in the supply of grain was declining. It is now declining yet more. No great disaster had affected any section of this country. Every condition except our monetary system was ripe for activity, for constructive energy, for progress, and for common welfare in 1895 as surely and as fully as in 1891. No man living can name any other cause for the losses, disasters, and depression of 1895, and of the present year, except the crime against the nation which is being committed by the party of the silver-miners in their effort to force debased money upon the masses of this country by due process of law.

From the date when the credit of the nation was imperilled by this danger constructive enterprise ceased, and the paralysis of trade ensued which had long been foreseen and predicted by the few who could fully comprehend the logic of events. At this time thousands upon thousands of industrious workmen are in a state of compulsory idleness, while the food which they need is wasting in the bins of the growers, who cannot sell it at the cost of production. The materials for constructive enterprise are being piled up unused. Mills and workshops are stopping. All are waiting for the verdict of November, and when that verdict is rendered all those who have shared, wittingly or unwittingly, in the commission or support of this crime against the farmer and the workman will be deprived of every position of influence and of honor, and will be utterly condemned for the betrayal of the trust which had been imposed upon them.

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[*] Extract from a report on farm prices in Indiana compiled from various authorities by Lucius B. Swift, Indianapolis:

"Reports are collected from all parts of the State, and at all times of the year, and both the localities and the times are averaged, out of which is obtained the general average for the year. The crops taken are corn, oats, wheat, rye, Irish potatoes, and hay. The greenback prices are reduced to gold, and in order to afford a field for ordinary ups and downs, the twenty-year period from 1873 to 1893 has been divided into four five-year periods. This gives the following average of prices of each crop for each period:

| | 1873–77. | 1878–82. | 1883–87. | 1888–92. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Corn, per bushel | 35.6 | 41.8 | 37 | 39.8 |
| Oats, " | 29.6 | 31.6 | 28.8 | 35.2 |
| Wheat, " | 95 | 102.6 | 79 | 87.2 |
| Rye, " | 62.8 | 70.4 | 57.6 | 68 |
| Potatoes, " | 53 | 60.6 | 50.8 | 59.4 |
| Hay, per ton | 9.31 | 9.47 | 8.21 | 9.54 |

"By this table a state of affairs is shown which undermines the foundation of the corner-stone of the free-silver advocates. Of the six crops, wheat is the only one for which the Indiana farmer did not obtain more a bushel or ton during the five years closing with 1892 than during the five years beginning with 1873."

## LI HUNG-CHANG'S VISIT.

LAFAYETTE visited the United States in 1824. Not since that occasion has this country had so distinguished a visitor as Li Hung-Chang. One need not make an exception of the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The prince was distinguished by the accident of birth; he was young, and came simply as a friendly visitor. Li Hung-Chang is distinguished by right of achievement—the hardest kind of achievement: he is aged, and came as a special ambassador bearing greetings from the oldest to the youngest nation of great rank on the globe. Moreover, he was the first Grand Old Man this country was ever called upon to entertain; and the further fact that, according to the Chinese reverence for the dead, he was almost literally a worshipper of the late General Grant, gave a pathos to his visit which undoubtedly sought relief in, and in some measure may have accounted for, the cheers and crowds and tremendous enthusiasm with which the American people greeted this Chinese Earl of the First Rank, Senior Guardian of the Heir-Apparent, Prime Minister of State, and numerous other titles.

The country was well prepared for his coming. Despatches from Europe had told us of his peculiarities, of his humor, of his extreme politeness, of his interest in everything he saw, from the petty details of trifling affairs of life to the effect on the masses of great principles of constitutional government and of modern institutions. We all knew that he would ask Mayor Strong and General Ruger and Vice-President Thomson of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and men of that kind, what their salaries were, and they ought not to have been surprised at it. We all knew that, with fine regard for the greatest product of modern civilization, emancipated woman, he would most politely, and, with scrupulous care for Chinese etiquette, ask every lady whom he met what her age was; and even from our own experience, we might have known that the average modern woman would be able to manage a little matter of that kind with tranquillity. And there is no record that she did not do so, however much the men may have been flustered by the Earl's searching questions.

What a welcome New York did give him! The finest collection of war-ships that was ever gathered together, and a host of smaller vessels, met down the harbor the ship on which he came. Escorted by a detachment of government cavalry suitable to his rank, he passed through miles and miles of people to his quarters in the Waldorf Hotel. One look at him as he passed along the streets was sufficient to bespeak the friendly interest and fullest courtesy of the people. He seemed to be kindly, complacent, absolutely gentle. He had the greatness of simplicity in his bearing. He didn't seem to see much, and it is just possible that he was making extensive use of the eyes of all his large retinue instead of his own. He showed his respect for the occasion at all the ceremonies and functions in which he participated by permitting himself to be carried to and from his carriage in his chair of more or less state. His dignity was delightfully tempered with graciousness. At once it was easy to associate such a man with scholarship and with statesmanship, but not with war. And yet, Napoleon excepted, the greatest warriors of modern times have been men of his stamp, gentle and mild in their appearance. Grant and Moltke are two examples.

For six days Li Hung-Chang went at an American pace in New York. He was in a whirl, and, what is more, seemed to enjoy it. His first duty was to call on the President. Mr. Cleveland came from his summer home and met him formally at the house of the Hon. W. C. Whitney. The Mayor called on him at his hotel, and in the evening he attended a banquet given in his honor by former ministers from this country to China and by former American residents there. It was at this dinner that this representative of the conservatism of the centuries, this wearer of the peacock feather and yellow jacket that mean so much in China, showed his personal belief in progression by declaring in his address that the Western civilization "is the fittest to survive." On the same day he gave out an interview, forestalling the American reporter, telling how pleased he was with his visit and how much he liked the United States.

The following day the great mandarin visited General Grant's tomb, and paid a tribute to his former friend's memory as he placed a wreath on the sarcophagus. He then called on Mrs. Grant at the residence of her son, Colonel F. D. Grant. The next day he went up the Hudson to West Point on the *Dolphin*. It rained too hard to permit him to land to see the review of the cadets. From that point of view the day was a failure, but the ambassador kept his hosts busy with his questions and conferences.

Then came the busiest day of the visit, Tuesday, September 1. Representatives of various missionary organizations called on Li to tell him that they appreciated his progressive and firm stand for their interests in China. In his reply he justified his belief in Confucius, as they had justified theirs in Christ, and he praised the missionaries for their work. Then he was entertained at luncheon at the Merchants Club, after which he swept through Chinatown and received the silent homage of the Chinese residents there, and the uproarious welcome of tens of thousands who came to see the sight. After he had passed, the Chinese showed their enthusiasm by a bombardment of fire-crackers, such as was never seen or heard in this country before. He went to Union Square, where an exhibition of the fire apparatus of the city was given, and detachments of the police and street-cleaning departments paraded. Not even a demagogical Presidential candidate could draw a bigger crowd to Union Square than that which came to see and be seen by this unemotional silent old man. So confusing had the day been that it is not surprising that Li was too tired in the evening to attend a banquet in his honor at Delmonico's, and ordered one of his suite to represent him there.

The last day of the stay in the metropolis was taken up with a visit to Brooklyn, following a formal interview with the American reporters and an official call on Mayor Strong. In Brooklyn he was entertained at the Union League Club. He noticed especially the new statue of his friend General Grant, which has just been erected in front of the club-house. In the interview with the reporters he took occasion to refer to the injustice, from his stand-point, of our Chinese exclusion act, and to declare that from an economic stand-point it seemed to be unwise, and from a political stand-point it seemed inconsistent in a people whose watchword is freedom. His criticism was uttered in an entirely kindly spirit. The next morning he went to Philadelphia, and his New York visit came to an end.

During his stay in the metropolis Li Hung-Chang was seen by hundreds of thousands. At first the sight of the yellow jacket and peacock feather excited quiet amusement and interest. As the days went by, and as it became evident that this man was indeed great, it was seen that public respect for him was general and deep-seated. It was the prevailing belief that this visit and trip in some way were momentous for China; that they meant a turning-point in her civilization; that if Li Hung-Chang were twenty-five years younger, China would be born again. In the light of that view one did not find it difficult to see an element of tragedy in the great man's visit. It undoubtedly records the ultimate doom of Chinese civilization. To save her nationality, China must sacrifice her ancient systems. Li Hung-Chang sees it, for did he not say to the reporters, in speaking of the future of China,

"The administration of the government, however, must remain with the Chinese; China must maintain her sovereign rights"?

Li Hung-Chang is Bismarck over again. The father-land first, last, and all the time was Bismarck's cry. So, too, China's sovereignty and the preservation of China are Li's aim and hope.

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

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## OUR FRIENDS THE QUAKERS.

UNDER a big tent pitched on the grounds of Swarthmore College there has just been a week's discussion of educational, religious, and philanthropic questions. It was a conference of Friends, with delegates present from the seven Yearly Meetings comprising the "Hicksite" body of Quakers. This body, while four times as large in the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting as the other, or "Orthodox," body, is much the smaller of the two principal divisions of Quakerism. Delegates at this conference represented about 24,000 Friends, as against about 80,000 of the Orthodox branch. The former are practically all in the East, with a few meetings in Canada, while the latter are chiefly in the West. Contrary to the general impression, there are more Quakers in Ohio than in Pennsylvania, and more in Indiana than in Ohio and Pennsylvania together.

Questions discussed were how to secure better teachers in Friends' schools, including First Day (Sunday) schools; how Quakerism may reach the masses; the past and future of the Society; and problems contained in reports from organizations at work in behalf of the Indians, the negroes, and against the use of tobacco and alcohol. A prominent visitor was John William Graham, an English Friend, who spoke on the future of Quakerism, and, in harmony with the spirit of religious unity now prevailing, appealed for greater charity of belief among Friends themselves. Dr. O. E. Janney, of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, thought Quakerism could better reach the masses if the motive of those who do come into the Society were looked upon with less suspicion. Howard M. Jenkins deplored the increasing lack of preachers.

This age of oratory does not affect the Quakers. Teaching military tactics in public schools was opposed, and progress was reported by the organization to discourage the use of tobacco. Cigarette factories are not built on Quaker customs. In his own home the Friend is a substantial and liberal table-provider. Feeding free all who came to this conference, even though the number reached 3000 daily, and included all strangers within the gates, was just what one would expect from Friends. Something which the strangers within Friend gates for the first time noticed most particularly was the absence of all applause, no matter how distinguished the speaker or how telling his or her point.

The stranger within these Friend gates would also notice, if observant, that the audiences looked in no way different from those that gather at Northfield, Chautauqua, or Ocean Grove. There were women present in "shundy-cross" bonnets, and men in "shad-belly" coats, but there were not enough of them to give a plain character to the gathering. Not five per cent. of this ultra-Quaker audience was arrayed in the Quaker garb.

E. M. C.

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63 Cents
Our justly celebrated "Great Wonder" White Shirt,
at this price, is one of the greatest offerings ever made. It is made of excellent white muslin and has an all-linen bosom, fits accurately and launders perfectly. Send size of collar worn. The price—63 cents—includes cost of mailing. Money refunded, if desired.
Strawbridge & Clothier,
DRY GOODS. PHILADELPHIA.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use DR ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Rae's Lucca Oil
*The Perfection of Olive Oil*
Your physician will tell you that Olive Oil, pure and sweet, is one of the most wholesome of foods. Rae's Oil is *pure* and *sweet*, as testified to by numerous awards and wide repute. A trial will convince you of its superior excellence as a food product.
*Guaranteed Absolutely Pure by*
S. RAE & CO.,
Established 1836. *Leghorn, Italy.*

## ADVERTISING AGENCY ORGANIZATION.

**Organization** is to-day recognized by every business man as a most important factor in the successful carrying on of any business. Fully realizing the great advantages to our customers and to ourselves, it has been our determined purpose to build up the most complete organization possible in the advertising agency business by gathering together into one organization the men best fitted by experience and knowledge for the various duties they are called upon to perform. The following relating to the different departments of the G. H. Haulenbeek Advertising Agency will interest all who appreciate the benefits to be derived from complete organization.

PRIVATE OFFICE.

### REPRESENTATIVES.

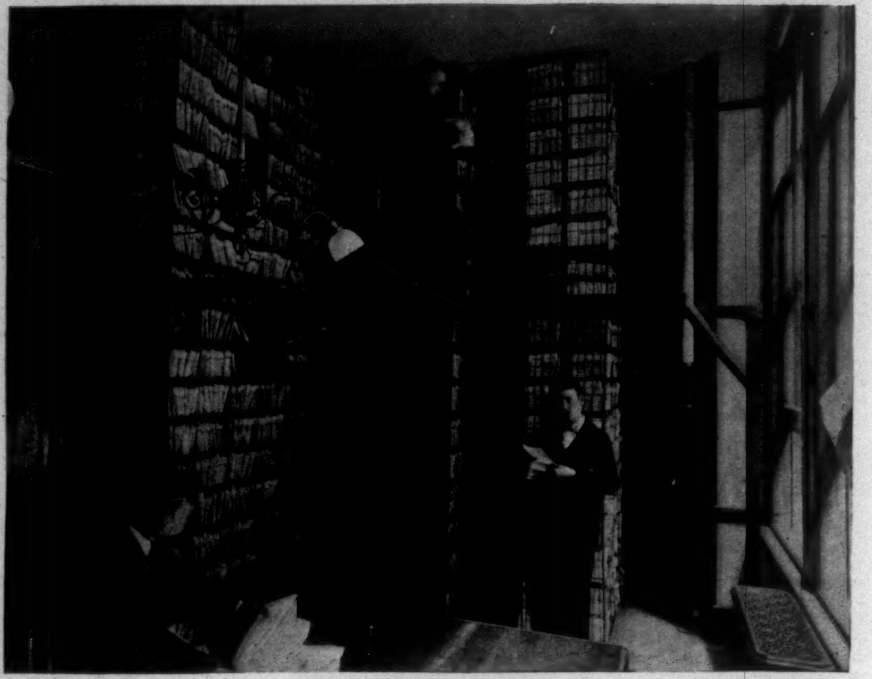
There is not a business man to-day who does not recognize the importance of having competent representatives—men who know their business thoroughly and are able at all times to offer suggestions and advice. The gentlemen who represent this agency have a knowledge of the successes and failures of advertisers, of the preparation of copy, and the selection or rejection of mediums. Their advice has a value gained by experience, and for their consultation there is no obligation incurred on the part of the advertiser.

### ESTIMATING AND ORDER DEPARTMENT.

This department of the business requires great care, and can only be properly handled by men who have had long experience and who have been and are constantly in touch with the ever-changing values and prices of the different mediums published throughout the country. A publication which last year had character, standing, and circulation, may have changed hands and grown better and more valuable to the advertiser, or the reverse. A publication of seeming value to the advertiser may actually have no practical value. A knowledge of these things belongs to our estimating and order department. In this department complete records are kept showing the history of the dealings this agency has had with the different publications, and at a moment's notice a customer can be told just what a certain space will cost in any number of mediums.

### CHECKING DEPARTMENT.

This department of an advertising agency is of the most importance. It is the foundation of all the book-keeping, and properly attended to is a form of insurance for the customer of accurately performed service on the part of all publications that his advertising is contracted to appear in. Each paper containing the advertisement of a customer is carefully examined, the advertisement is found, marked, measured, and its position noted. A record of this is immediately made, and the publication credited with the insertion, if in accordance with the contract, or notified that a wrong insertion has been made, which must be corrected. The publication is then sent to the file-room. The efficiency of this department is substantiated by the satisfactory dealing with our many customers.


CORNER OF FILE-ROOM.

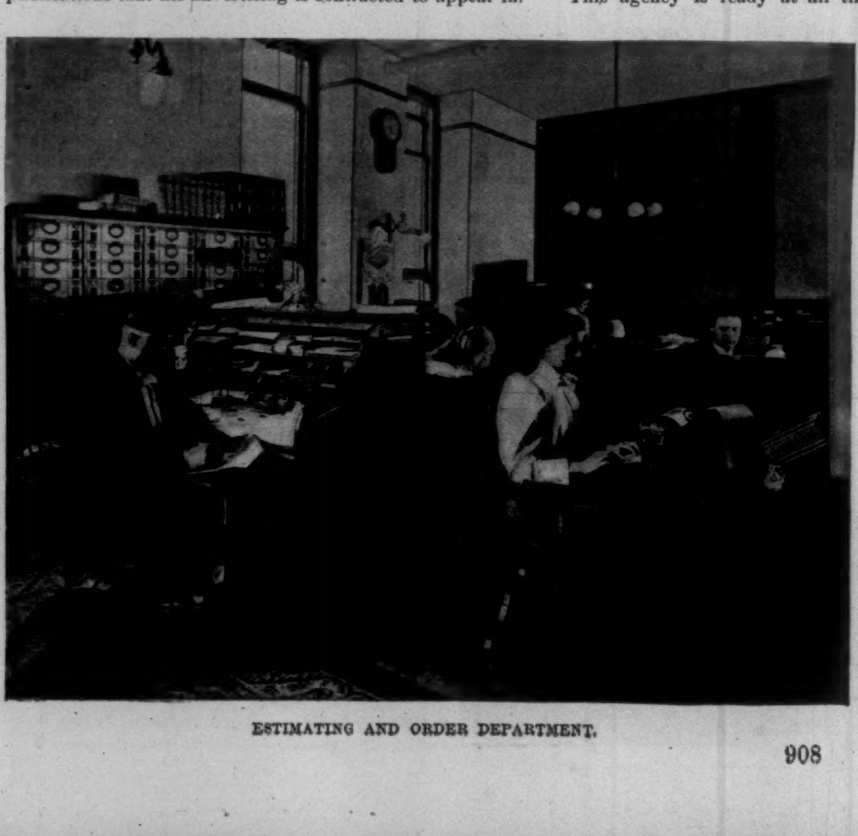
### THE FILE-ROOM

is another one of the departments of an advertising agency that must at all times be kept in good order. Every paper that is used by the customer must always be on hand for instant reference. Each medium has its box, and the issues are kept in order as issued, forming a complete series of each and every publication. These files are open to the inspection of the advertiser, and afford him the means of verifying the accuracy of his bills if he so desires.

REPRESENTATIVES DESKS.

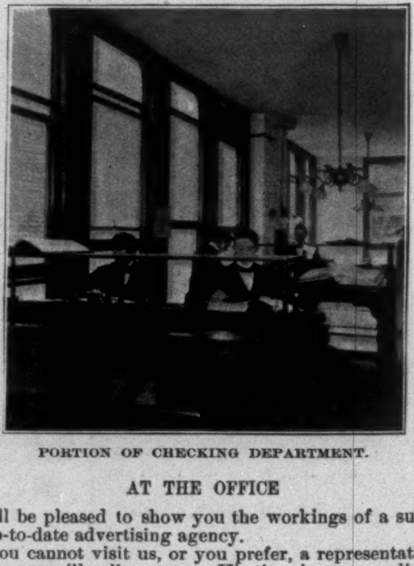
### PREPARATION OF COPY.

This agency is ready at all times to prepare suitable copy for advertisers. In order to secure designs for illustration and typographical effects in display that shall be the best in all respects, we do not confine ourselves to any one artist or printer. There are many good artists and many good printers in New York, and we seek the man best calculated to do the special work required, thus avoiding the sameness which the ideas of any one man is apt to run into in illustrating or printing. We believe that the careful preparation of an advertisement is a very important part of the duties of an agent. That an advertisement must be viewed from the standpoint of the buyer; that it must not say too much or too little; that it must be illustrated, or be set in type only; that it shall have a border or be without one; that it must be in keeping with, or form a contrast to, the type of the publication in which it is to appear; that it must be suited to the season of the year and needs of the people, are a few of the many things that are carefully considered by this agency in the preparation of advertising copy.


ESTIMATING AND ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Among those who have availed themselves of the services of this agency are the following:

American Waltham Watch Co.
Appleton's Ceylon Teas.
American Writing Machine Co.
American Club-House Cheese.
Brunswick Cigar.
Brand & Co. A 1 Sauce.
Barry's Tricopherous.
Beeman's Pepsin Gum.
Bethesda Mineral Water.
Beck Bicycle Saddle Co.
Carlsbad Sprudel Salts.
Century Dictionary.
Campbell Arsenic Wafers.
Cortez Cigars.
Club Cocktails.
Daugherty Typewriter Co.
Dean No-Puncture Tire Co.
Decker Portable House.
Daluaine Scotch Whiskey.
Encyclopædic Dictionary.
French Vichy.
Hoff's Malt Extract.
Ivers & Pond Piano.
Keeley Cure.
Libbey Glass Co.
Library of the World's Best Literature.
Listerated Tooth Powder.
Lubin's Perfumes.
Le Moine Champagne.
Marlin Fire-Arms.
Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder.
Nonotuck Silk Co.
Old Dominion Hams.
Puritana Compound Co.
Rochester Lamp Co.
Rosskam, Gerstley & Co.
Rae's Lucca Oil.
F. Ad. Richter.
Sibylline.
Surbrug's Golden Sceptre Smoking Tobacco.
Syrup of Figs.
Traveler's Insurance Co.
Typewriter Exchange.
U. S. Casualty Co.
Vinolia Soap.
Waverley Bicycle Co.
William's Shaving Soap.
Zeltner Brewing Co.


PORTION OF CHECKING DEPARTMENT.

### AT THE OFFICE

we will be pleased to show you the workings of a successful, up-to-date advertising agency.

If you cannot visit us, or you prefer, a representative of this agency will call on you. His time is at your disposal without cost.

G. H. Haulenbeek Advertising Agency,
150 Nassau Street, New York.
(American Tract Society Building.)

# AMATEUR · SPORT

## GOLFING GOSSIP FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

OUR chief event of golfing interest for the past month has been the tournament for the Calcutta Cup at St. Andrews. The competition was conducted, in accordance with a wise provision of the green committee, on the new course. It is the first prize competition of the Royal and Ancient Club that has been held on the new green, and the change of venue was an offence to some, though no doubt favorable both to the old green and the new. For we in Britain, where we have played golf longer than it has been played in America, find that while there is no manner of treatment that suits a new green—rubs down its roughnesses and treads firm and solid its softnesses—as well as the treading of the human foot, at the same time an old green, such as the classic course at St. Andrews, may get a bit too much of this treading down, so that in process of years the turf gets into the morbid condition known as "root-bound." The symptoms of this malady are an appearance of bare pits, disfiguring the once verdant surface of the green—pits which turn a ball aside as it runs, and afford shocking bad lies, even on the putting green itself.

Once a green gets into this state the only remedy is to go over it with a wide-pronged fork, prizing it up, and so letting in the air and moisture to the roots, from which these beneficial influences have been excluded by the morbid condition of the surface. It would thus appear rather as if there was a certain natural length of life in a golf course, and especially in those parts of it set aside as putting greens, on which the trampling and consequent consolidation are more constantly in progress. Of course this morbid condition is aggravated by exceptionally dry weather, such as we have been enjoying in an exaggerated degree until this moment of writing, when the rain has come in the middle of harvest-time. The surfaces, especially of our inland and clay-soil courses, have become so hard baked that at many places it has become necessary to make a special rule for "sun-cracks," as they are called, introducing a new name into the golfing vocabulary; for our real sea-side links are not of the nature of that land which "girns [grins] a' summer and greets [weeps] a' winter"—as the old Scotch lady described her patrimony.

But certainly it is a wise provision to permit lifting without penalty from these grinning sun-cracks with which the baked land insults the poor golfer. It is a hint that may, conceivably, be of use in America, where, presumably, you have some clay courses, and where, certainly, you have hot suns. Also, conceivably, your turf may work itself into the root-bound condition; and even in that state there is salvation for it in rest and abundance of water.

On the old St. Andrews course they have sunk an artesian well at each hole, and the effect of the constant watering of the greens has been to bring them into better health than we have ever before seen golf greens. But this summer of extraordinary drought was too much even for the watering arrangements of St. Andrews to contend with, and consequently this Calcutta Cup tournament, the first summer competition of the Royal and Ancient Club, was held on the alternative new course. The criticism usually heard was that this new course, more undulating than the old, and softer, so that the ball would not run after falling, as on the old hard green, was too "fatiguing"; that men could not drive their golf-balls, nor even their middle-aged limbs, sufficiently easily over it. The results, however, did not exactly corroborate the criticism. Hitherto these tournaments at St. Andrews, although handicaps are given, have generally gone in favor of the stronger players; and where length of driving was so essential as it is represented to have been on this new course, one would have expected to see the battle going to the strong man and long drive. Instead of that, the final was fought out between two players of fairly liberal allowances. The winner, Mr. Harold Wilson, received a handicap of four holes up, and Mr. Gollan, who was with him in the final heat, started seven up from scratch. The latter had proved himself dangerous very early in the fight, for he had knocked out in the second heat Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, our amateur champion of last year.

But Mr. Balfour-Melville, in compliment for this distinction, was honored with a penalty handicap of two holes, so that from him Mr. Gollan started with the huge lead of nine up and eighteen to play. Mr. Balfour-Melville gained many holes, but not quite enough, for Mr. Gollan still had three of his lead remaining when only two were left to play, and so won the match. Mr. Everard was the scratch man who survived longest, fighting his way as far as the semi-final match, where he was bested by Mr. Wilson, the ultimate winner.

The final match was marked by a curious incident. As Mr. Wilson was playing his second shot to the seventh hole, his ball began to roll towards him down the slope. His swing was so far gone that he could not stop it, and drove the ball while it was moving. The decision of the umpires as to the effect of this running shot was held in abeyance. At the sixteenth hole Mr. Wilson—presuming that no penalty were inflicted for this curious stroke—won the match by three up and two to play.

It was the general desire that he might halve one of the final holes, and that the result of the match might not rest on a disputed case; but this was not to be, for Mr. Gollan gained each of the two final holes. The green committee, therefore, sat in solemn conclave over Mr. Wilson and his running shot, and decided that, seeing it was admitted on all sides that the ball had moved spontaneously, so to say (at least that Mr. Wilson had had no responsible share in its movement), he could not be penalized for an accident entirely beyond his own control, and ought perhaps rather to be congratulated, for to hit a ball in motion is certainly more difficult than to hit a ball at rest. Beyond all doubt the decision was in accord with the equity of the case, though Mr. Wilson sportsmanly expressed his perfect willingness to play off another round to determine the result.

Possibly this was not a termination altogether satisfactory to those engaged in the tournament, but at the same time the rest of us are rather pleased than otherwise that it has extracted from the St. Andrews committee an authoritative dictum on the point. This is just an instance of those accidental details which no code of laws can possibly provide for, unless it is to be so voluminous as to be cumbersome; but the dicta of the St. Andrews green committee go to form a body of precedent similar to that which exists in the domains of civil and criminal law, to which doubtful golfing points may be referred. You in America have been in a manner more fortunate than we.

The development of your golf has not been hampered by the fetters of custom and tradition. You have found no difficulty in creating an association to arrange all matters of public interest in connection with the game. We, on the other hand, though often desiring some such central authority, have found it impossible to put ourselves into any opposition with the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews, which, by more than tacit consent, we are proud to recognize as the premier golf club of the world. (The writer, as an Englishman, may be allowed this praise of a Scottish institution without offence.) And yet St. Andrews is rather far from the centre, too far remote from and concerning itself too little with the development of golf in the south. It has neither understood this development nor cared to try to understand it.

But now it seems that the old club has been approached in the right way, and is about to make the first move towards instituting a central authority to govern golfing matters—certainly not without ample provision for safeguarding its own sovereign rights.

The committee of the club is about to put before the members a proposal that a standing committee of fourteen members be appointed to deal with all questions of the rules that shall be submitted to it; that seven of these members shall be representative of the Royal and Ancient Club, the other seven representing seven leading clubs of other places. The meetings of this committee are to be two annually, both held at St. Andrews, and no new law is to be made, or old law altered or repealed, by the committee without the sanction of a general meeting of the St. Andrews Club. In fact, the committee will be a mighty strong one, bound, like Samson, in very tight fetters; but there is a general notion that if once the committee be appointed it will very soon burst those bonds.

HORACE S. HUTCHINSON.
LONDON, *August* 25, 1896.

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THE MOST LUSTROUS incident of the season, which this week is closing with the championships on the Prospect Park parade-ground, was the unheralded though coruscant flight of Meadow Brook across the polo horoscope. From the darkness of repeated defeat they emerged upon the field at Narragansett Pier revealing first-class in place of mediocre form, and causing a readjustment of the calculations of Rockaway and Myopia. Previous to the Point Judith Country Club tournament, Meadow Brook had not been taken into consideration for championship honors. Myopia and Rockaway, who fought it out last year, recognized seriously no aspirants beyond themselves for the honor. The decision lay between them again this year, so they thought—and so it may, for the contest is making while we are on the press (two days earlier than ordinary because of Labor day falling upon one of our usual printing days)—but the Meadow Brook team has given a rude awakening to the confidence that slumbered smilingly.

"METEOR," RACING YACHT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

THE POLO SEASON HAS, IN A WORD, been one of improvement, and none has shown it to a higher degree than the so-called second-class player. It warms the blood of every sportsman whose pulse yet marks exultation at the success of this magnificent game, to observe the interest of the younger element.

We, the fettered though virile relicts of more leisure days, rejoice at the response of the younger men, for whom the sun shines always, to the manly stirring qualities of polo. It must appeal to every young fellow who has blood in his veins, some "sand" in his crop, and a few spare dollars in his purse. Too bad the last is as needful as the other two, for so often the "crop" outweighs the purse. The second-class teams have all done well—some of them exceedingly well—and the scratch teams at Narragansett Pier made splendid records in sportsmanship, even though they did not capture cups. Philadelphia's newest team, Devon, has made an enviable record for its initial season, due partly to the generous handicap it received during the first of the season, but largely to its own good work. Philadelphia teams have always been handicapped by the lack of practice. Hitherto there has been but the Country Club team; now, however, that there are, besides, the Devon and First Troop, there is no reason why much improvement of form should not result.

PHILADELPHIA POLO FORM is by no means commensurate with the length of time the game has been played within the gates of the Quaker City. It is not creditable to it that an alleged representative team on the Prospect Park parade-ground should be compelled, for half its force, to draw upon Rockaway players. There should be more inter-club play between Devon, Country Club, and First Troop, and the ranks of the second class recruited. Buffalo has defeated Philadelphia, and the chances are very good that Chicago, and even St. Louis, the most recent convert to the game, could do likewise. And the situation of Buffalo, Chicago, and St. Louis has been even more isolated than Philadelphia. How Buffalo and Chicago have attained such excellent form is, indeed, surprising. As for Buffalo, its advance has been practically in the last two years, for though one of the oldest clubs, its attainment of playing skill was slow, explained, first, by its failure to join the Association, and, second, by an unaccountable lack of interest on the part of the younger men. Indeed, but for the older sportsmen play would have entirely stopped. It has been with greatest difficulty that young men have been induced to come out, and this is extraordinary, too, for Buffalo is notably the home of horsemen. With novitiates like H. T. Davis, R. K. Root, E. Hedstrom, David Gray, and J. Dennison Sawyer, it is surpassing strange. Buffalo has no second team of strength.

CHICAGO HAS DONE EVEN BETTER than Buffalo in number of players, and it showed some surprisingly good ponies last year. Buffalo may, however, take some credit to itself for the Western showing, since two of the Western team, James Cary Evans and his brother Ellicott, went originally from Buffalo, and one of them, James, started organized polo in Chicago. That Buffalo did so well last week rather suggests the beneficial results of joining the Association. I have not seen St. Louis this season, but understand the promise of last year has been fulfilled, and that they are playing in very fair form for men of so recent initiation. Sioux City, St. Louis, and Chicago should have an annual tournament; it would better their play immeasurably. They are too far away for coming into the Eastern tournaments. There is no means so certain of keeping interest alive as inter-club play, especially where rivalry is so strong as invariably is the case between Western cities.

WITH THE CHAMPIONSHIPS in course of determination, a glance at what the three prominent candidates—Myopia, Meadow Brook, and Rockaway—have done will lend interest to their performances this week.

Myopia, which won the championship last year from Rockaway, did not open its season very auspiciously, being beaten at Brookline somewhat too easily by Dedham, 16¾ goals to 11, 14 of which Dedham received by handicap. Again, six weeks later at Dedham, Myopia's strongest team, Gardner, Shaw, Fay, and Agassiz, was beaten by the same Dedham four, Forbes, Weld, Foster, and Warren, 18¼ to 9¼ goals, Dedham receiving 10 by handicap. Yet again, a week later Dedham beat Myopia on the latter's grounds, 14¾ to 14¼, the victor receiving 8 goals by handicap.

At the Point Judith Country Club Tournament, at Narragansett Pier, first week in August, Myopia gave Meadow Brook 4 goals and was beaten 11¼ to 9¼. At Newport, Myopia was defeated by Rockaway 12¾ to 5. There have been but a few times throughout the season, and then on home grounds, in practice, when Myopia has shown the brilliant form it displayed last autumn in Brooklyn. Unless it does infinitely better on the Prospect Park field than it did at Newport, Meadow Brook will in all probability administer a second beating.

**Meadow Brook begun the season** in quite the poorest form of the three big teams, but, after the first few games, succeeded in inducing Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., to resume play, which, together with the acquisition of Nicol, and the indefatigable efforts of its captain, Eustis, to acquire team-play, has brought it to first choice with Rockaway for the championship.

At Meadow Brook, the last week in June, Rockaway gave Meadow Brook 8 goals, and a 17-to-13 whipping. Again, July 3, at Rockaway, Meadow Brook, receiving 10 goals, was yet beaten by Rockaway 16 to 13¾. It derived some solace later by beating Rockaway, 16¾ to 10¾, but its cup of misery overflowed when on the same grounds it was beaten by the Rockaway second team, to which it had conceded 4 goals—12¾ to 5¾; Myers, A. Francke, Conover, and R. Francke playing for Rockaway, and W. Eustis, Baldwin, Stowe, and Nicol for Meadow Brook.

**It was after this tournament** Meadow Brook settled to its practice with desperate determination, and its next appearance, at Narragansett Pier, showed to what good purpose it had labored. In one week it completely reversed all opinion on its championship prospects. It is now playing W. Eustis, Hitchcock, Baldwin, and Nicol, and won first from Myopia, 11½ to 9½ goals, receiving 4 by handicap, and three days later beat Rockaway, playing Stevens, Cowdin, G. Eustis, and R. Francke, 7¾ to 6¼ goals, one of which it had conceded in handicap. Subsequently, at Newport, Meadow Brook again—and this time very easily—beat Rockaway 7½ to ½ goals.

**Rockaway's career,** up to the Point Judith tournament, was more or less of a triumphal march. It had beaten Meadow Brook twice out of three meetings, and shown really much superior form. At Meadow Brook it had given 8 goals to the home team, and beaten them 17 to 13; at Rockaway, conceding 10 goals, it had won by 16 to 13¾. In the same tournament, Rockaway (Stevens, Cowdin, Stowe, and Eustis) was beaten by Devon (Snowden, Kendrick, English, and Altemus), 24 to 18, Devon receiving 22 goals by handicap. The following week, for the Cedarhurst Challenge Cup, furnished Rockaway's first defeat of the year by Meadow Brook, the latter receiving 10 goals, and winning by 16¾ to 10¾. At Point Judith, Rockaway again lost to Meadow Brook, 6¼ to 7¾. At Newport, for the Westchester Cups, Rockaway and Myopia met for the first time since last autumn, and Rockaway won, 12¾ to 5. In the finals for these cups, Rockaway was really routed by Meadow Brook, which gave it the one goal it had, and half of which it lost on penalties, while Meadow Brook earned seven.

**Were Meadow Brook and Rockaway** to meet in the final championship round (the date of which at this writing has not been decided on between two offering—the 12th or 14th), with the teams made up as they were at Narragansett Pier and Newport, there would be little speculation as to the outcome.

In the estimation of the majority of observant polo votaries there is no wavering, I fancy, in the belief that W. Eustis, T. Hitchcock, Jun., C. C. Baldwin, and Benjamin Nicol can in present form defeat Joseph Stevens, John Cowdin, G. Eustis, and R. Francke every time they meet. The present Meadow Brook team is one of the best-rounded and most consistent we have had on the field—certainly this year. Next to the Independents—that strong combination captained by Hitchcock, which carried all before it a couple of years ago—we have not had such another even and therefore strong team. Meadow Brook as it is now must have beaten Myopia last autumn for the championship, and unless there is a tremendous reversal of form from what we saw at Newport, it has good cause for expecting victory this week over the present champions. It is reasonable to expect Meadow Brook and Rockaway to meet in the finals for '96 honors. It is equally reasonable to expect the championship to go to Meadow Brook if Rockaway does not play Foxhall Keene.

**Mr. Keene has not played** since early summer, at which time he showed the same quick eye and unerring stroke that have always characterized his brilliant work. That in form he is far and away the cleverest man we have in his position there can be no two opinions. Great store is set on Keene's strengthening Rockaway for the struggle, and there is no question that if he plays, and can last physically probably three of the hardest periods he has yet withstood, Rockaway should pull out a close, hard-earned victory—unless Stevens falls into one of those erratic, useless streaks of play, and throws away the game. But if, after a summer of more or less indisposition, and no gruelling at all, Keene can play, without losing any steam in his work, through so hard a match as the Rockaway-Meadow Brook is certain to be, he is a physical wonder. It is asking too much of him, or of any man, and I doubt not there will be others to share my opinion on the close of the tournament. Mr. Cowdin is the same invaluable all-round player, and he and Eustis have been the ground-gainers and the defenders on emergency calls in their match games. Francke, too, has been a steady player, and of greater value to the team than his more experienced and, on occasion, more brilliant *confrère*, Stevens.

**Meadow Brook was never so fit.** Captain Eustis has filled the spirits of his men with resolution and their play with concerted aggression, though that is not especially unique to Meadow Brook, as the same feature was in evidence under Hitchcock's captaincy several years ago. But Meadow Brook has team-play, which it has lacked for at least two years, and it has a coming man in Baldwin, who, if his improvement continues at the rate it has travelled in '96, will one day rank all others in his position and as it is must be regarded one of the very best of our players. He is an exceedingly valuable man on any team, but peculiarly so to Meadow Brook when it opposes teams of such brilliant *personnel* as the Myopia and Rockaway. Baldwin plays hard and fast from start to finish. Indeed, that is characteristic of the three Meadow Brook forwards—Eustis, Hitchcock, and Baldwin. They play hard and fast and together. Nicol is a stalwart, safe, hard-hitting back, whom few can ride off and fewer disconcert. He has been out of the game for a couple of years, but had nearly regained his speed at Newport, and will probably be at top form this week when they meet Myopia. Hitchcock has always been regarded as one of our strongest three players, Keene and Cowdin being the other two, and his play this season has shown him as worthy of the distinction now as two years ago. W. Eustis is of the younger generation of players in experience, but he is thoroughly first class, steady, keeps his position, and is a consummate horseman.

**Myopia's strong points** have been its aggression together with the beautiful backing by Agassiz and the remarkably long drives for goal by Gardner. This year some of the dash seems to have gone out of its work, and Gardner has had fewer opportunities to make those brilliant drives. Myopia's game, it seems to me, has always been to keep working the ball to Gardner, counting, and very rightly so, on his accurate driving as the surest method of scoring. But in order to successfully work such a game, the men must be up in their places and hard at work continuously. Relaxation on the part of any individual is fatal to the happy eventuation of such a scheme of play. Myopia's forwards have not "hit it off" this year, and if it wins this week it will have taken a very considerable brace upon its form at Point Judith and Newport. If it has regained its '95 form it will be a magnificent struggle between it and Meadow Brook, though, even so, the form of the latter would, I should think, predispose opinion in its favor.

**Rockaway is certain** of being in the final, as it is drawn against Buffalo, which of a surety it will defeat. Whether Myopia or Meadow Brook meet it, its task will be a heavy one—heavier, in my judgment, if Meadow Brook is its opponent; and such being the result, heavier than it has been on any previous occasion. And yet of course the discrepancies of form of any team are not irremediable. On paper the three teams are so evenly matched as to warrant discussion from as many different points of view. That is satisfactory, too, since the friends of each may not lack corroboration of their confidence. Eventually it may prove costly, but it will have served its purpose of being convincing—for the hour. How many attain longer audience?

On playing form, which is more changeful than paper form, and sometimes equally misleading, it looks as though Meadow Brook had a bit the better chance for winning the championship.

**There is one innovation** which in all fairness the Polo Association should incorporate in its championship play-ground rules, viz., that if one side loses a player during the game, the other side should retire one of its men, and the game continued with three men on either side. This is, unless I am greatly mistaken, the custom in England, where, it is fair to assume, they have reached equitable conclusions after so many years of play. Polo differs from any other game we have in its life and environment, and it seems as though in championship contests the substitute question should not be one of issue. Considering the life of polo, the comparatively few games played, the very limited number of men made eligible by nature and a considerate fortune, it is unreasonable to expect a club to duplicate its first team by one of substitutes substantially as good, either in whole or in part. For instance, how, without weakening the team very considerably, could Myopia fill Agassiz's place, or that of Gardner's? How could Meadow Brook replace Hitchcock or Baldwin? or Rockaway replace Keene or Cowdin? The loss of any one of these men in a close contest would presage certain defeat. Suppose Meadow Brook lost Hitchcock in its game against Rockaway this week—its excellent chance of winning would fade into positive defeat. How Rockaway's form fell last autumn after Keene had been injured and retired! It does not seem fair, in teams of so few men as four and in such a game as polo, that a club's representative strength should be so unfairly judged as it must be by the employment of a substitute in a championship contest. Unquestionably the English is the better way.

**Before the conclusion** of the handicap tournament in Prospect Park we have been sent to press; but we saw Meadow Brook's second team defeat, by 14 goals to 3¾, Morris County, which, after a period of somnolence, has awakened to the good qualities of polo. The most pleasing exhibition, however, was afforded by Buffalo, which beat the Country Club of Philadelphia 20 goals to 10, and showed more team-play than Philadelphia ever dreamed of. Seward Cary, of Buffalo, made 13 of the goals, and played such a game as few of us down this way supposed a Buffalo man capable. It was a most creditable showing by Buffalo, and no matter to whom the tournament may go, it has won no ephemeral glory by its plucky and skilful exhibition.

**Apropos of Yale's Henley experience,** it will interest sportsmen, and particularly college boating-men, to read a letter received recently from R. C. Lehmann, the famous coach of Leander. Mr. Lehmann writes in answer to comment made in this Department anent the Leander-Yale race:

> .... I have an experience of actual race-rowing extending without interruption over nearly twenty-two years, and an experience of varied coaching of some eighteen or nineteen years, and the more I have rowed and the more I have coached the stronger has my conviction become that it is only by the long sweeping stroke, firmly marked at the beginning, and held through without wavering till the hands reach the chest, that you can create and maintain pace in a racing craft. This kind of stroke you cannot get unless you swing the body well down, at the same time reaching far out with the arms, so as to strike your beginning fair and square, and immediately at the full extent of body-swing and arm-reach behind the riggle. The arms being kept straight, the body swings back as though released from a spring, all the weight telling directly on the blade in the water. As the body swings, the legs drive, until with a final shove that flattens down the knees the last ounce of leg-power is applied to blades, and simultaneously the shoulders go back, the elbows pass the sides, and the outside hand forces the oar handle right home to the chest. If this last part is done firm and hard, and with all limbs and muscles working together, the boat seems to get an extra impulse to carry her along between strokes, and the hands leave the chest smartly, almost of their own accord, bringing the body on to the recovery with an elastic spring. The essentials, the pace-creating essentials, are always the beginning and finish as I have described them. Yet you "have not the smallest doubt that the Leander crew of last week rowing the Yale stroke would have crossed the finish-line even more seconds to the good." In other words, if we had abandoned the beginning and finish *and length*, on which we chiefly depend for pace, you think that in some mysterious way we should have gone faster. The fact is, Leander, to put it in a different way, had the longer stride, and having it, were able to hold Yale to half-way with an economy of labor which proved so much to their advantage that thereafter they were able to shoot away from Yale almost as if the latter were standing still, and to win in the end, without being rowed all out, in 7.14. On the following day, which was made at least 14 seconds slower by the wind, Leander were yet able to get home winners from New College in 7.6—a very fine performance for both these crews. For you must face the fact that New College could also have defeated Yale, and New College are purely a college crew, selecting from about 200 members.
>
> In size, weight, and obvious muscular power Yale were superior to Leander, and to every other crew at Henley; their condition was admittedly good; why, then, should they have been beaten, except by a crew rowing a better stroke?
>
> I don't think you are right in saying that we used oars measuring 6 inches longer than those of Yale. The oars we used in the race measured 12 feet all over, with a leverage of 3 feet 8 inches, and our blades were 6 inches broad at the end. I do not believe any man, however muscular and powerful he may be, can do himself justice or propel the boat properly with a blade broader than 6 inches, though the disadvantage would be less felt by a crew which purposely rows a very short stroke, as Yale did. But if Yale want to try rowing in our style, and with our length of swing and reach, they must give up their excessive breadth of blade. Mr. Trevor-Jones's opinion that Yale would have beaten Leander had the crew used the 6-inch blades does not impress me as valuable; for, before the race, Mr. Trevor-Jones not only predicted a Leander defeat, without reference to blades, but also ventured the prophecy that his Trinity Hall crew, one of the slowest entered for the Grand, would beat New College. Leander, as you say, put forth one of the strongest crews in the club's history; but before they had raced, very few, except those intimately acquainted with their work and their practice, would have set them down as exceptional. They were an extraordinarily happy fusion of the steadiness and endurance of veterans with the snap and dash and devil of younger hands, and to a man they were in the most splendid condition—the condition, I mean, which is actually improved by racing. Two (Gold and Carr) were Oxford Freshmen; one (Willis) had as his credentials nothing but his having as a boy rowed in the Eton crew of 1894; another (Sketch) had rowed in two Oxford eights; Graham was in last year's Leander crew; the other three (Holland, Nickalls, and Ford) were veterans ranging in age from 26 to 30.
>
> It is a special delight to me, apart from all questions of technical oarsmanship, to tell you that we all felt it an honor to meet your Yale boys on land or on water. They were splendid youngsters, and as modest as they were manly.
>
> Yours always sincerely, R. C. Lehmann.
>
> *July 24, 1896.*

**Among the younger tennis-players,** Fritz K. Ward, of Rochester, has achieved perhaps most renown in this closing season of tennis. At the international tournament held last week at Niagara, Ontario, he beat George L. Wrenn, G. P. Sheldon, Jun., L. E. Ware, and M. D. Whitman, the four most promising of the "coming" players; and his most notable victory was over Wrenn, against whom he lost the first set to love, the full score being 0–6, 6–4, 6–4. The most exciting match Ward played was against Sheldon, whom he beat, 6–2, 2–6, 9–7, after a remarkable rally by Sheldon, Ward having had him 5–0 on the third set, and four times within but one stroke of winning the match before he finally captured the set, 9–7. Ware beat Whitman, 4–6, 6–1, 7–5, and as Sheldon beat Ware at Newport, the question of supremacy of these three, which we have looked all season to have settled, seems to have been at last determined.

**Ward is the young player** who two years ago made so good an impression in the first rounds at Newport. His strokes and speed are good, and he has much of that quality so evident in champion R. D. Wrenn's work,—pluck. Ward won the Niagara tournament, and then met C. B. Neel, who held the championship. It was not, of course, expected, beyond a few local enthusiasts whose loyalty to the home product outran their judgment, that Ward would defeat Neel. And so it proved. Neel was in excellent form, and held his place at the net despite Ward's strenuous efforts to drive him hence. Ward's ground strokes continued to be well executed, but ineffective against such a game as Neel displayed. Neither could Neel be dislodged by lobbing, and he won handily, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3.

**The greatest value** of the International Lake Yacht-race, which *Canada* won off Toledo from *Vencedor* recently, was its stimulative effect upon yachting on the Great Lakes. There was need enough of a stimulant. Not many modern yachts have been launched in the last couple of years, and a comparison of the Canadian and American fleets at Toledo two weeks ago resulted much in favor of the former. The Canadians are wise in sticking to one or two classes within the reach of men of moderate means, like 35-footers and 40-footers, and building them up instead of taking up a different size every year. The race this year seems destined to furnish just the required incentive to filling a good racing class on the Great Lakes.

Already the *Vencedor* owners have challenged again:

> "*A. R. Boswell, Commodore Royal Yacht Club:*
>
> "Dear Sir,—On behalf of Edward C. and Matthew Berriman, and through the Lincoln Park Yacht Club, of Chicago, you are hereby challenged to sail a series of three matches, best two to win, on some neutral water during the yachting season of 1897, under the New York Club rules so far as they will apply. The arrangements governing the races to be made by a joint committee of three representing the Lincoln Yacht Club, of Chicago, and a like number of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, of Toronto. They to choose a seventh member if necessary. The competing yachts not to exceed forty-three feet load water-line."

We should have more pride in the preliminaries and more confidence in the outcome if America were to be represented by a yachtsman, but sincerely trust the Lincoln Club will profit by the lessons furnished at Toledo, and send along some experienced sailor-man with Mr. Berriman when he goes to sign agreement papers. A repetition of such articles as Mr. Berriman signed for *Vencedor* will make the Lincoln Club the butt of yachtsmen's ridicule. Mr. Berriman and Mr. Jarvis having both become professionals by dividing the purse, they may be indifferent to future ethics; but if the Lincoln Yacht Club regards classification with clubs of the first class as worthy of consideration, it cannot countenance another pot-hunting performance like the recent one of Messrs. Berriman and Jarvis.

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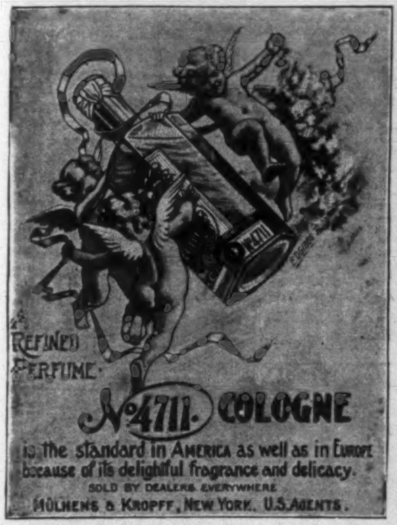

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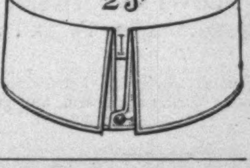

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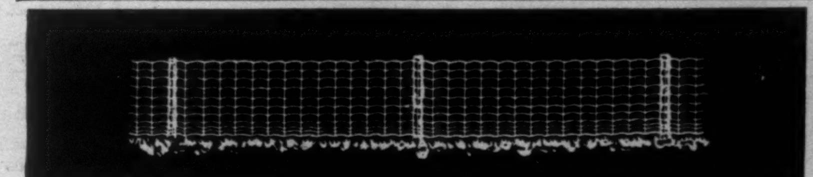

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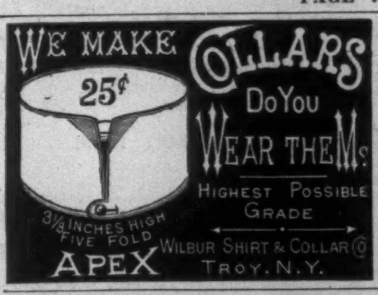

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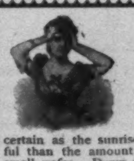

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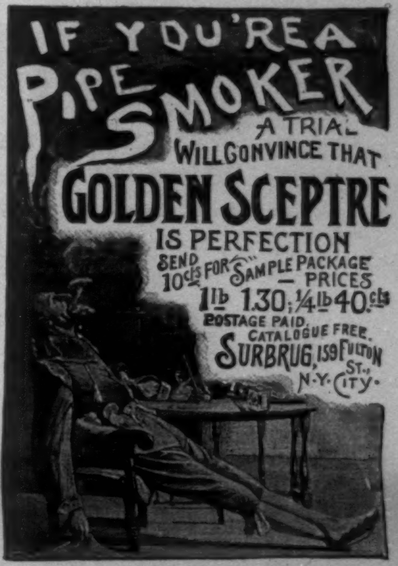

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